

THE BOOK OF  
A  
THOUSAND  
LAUGHS

*By*

O. U. SCHWEINICKLE

Oh, die Gedanken, wie die stanken  
Aus des Arschlock eines Kranken

## LIMERICKS

There was a young lady quite wild,  
Though wild, she remained undefiled  
By thinking of Jesus and contagious diseases,  
And the danger of having a child.

## NEW HAMPSHIRE

There was a young lady from Exeter,  
So pretty that men craned their necks at her,  
And one made so brave  
As to violently wave  
The distinguishing mark of his sex at her.

## ENGLAND

There are many fine ladies in Birmingham.  
Have you heard the awful scandal concerning 'em?  
How they lifted the frock  
And played with the cock  
Of the Bishop while he was confirming 'em.

## SIBERIA

There once was a Monk from Siberia,  
Who of praying grew weary and wearier,  
So he rushed into a Cell with a horrible yell,  
And buggered the Father Superior.

## CHINA

There was once a heathen Cinhee,  
Who went out in the Backyard to Pee,  
Said he, what is thisee? My cockee no pissee,  
Helle, God Damee, Cordee.

## WISCONSIN

There once was a man from Eau Claire,  
Who was banging his girl on a chair,  
At the forty-first stroke the furniture broke,  
And his gun it went off in the air.

## PROBABLY ATLANTIC CITY

There once was a plumber named Plumb,  
Who was plumbing his girl by the Sea.  
Said the Girl, I hear some one coming,  
Oh, no, said the Plumber, that's me.

There was a young man from Calcutta  
Who performed a remarkable trick.  
He greased his ass hole with butter  
And then inserted his prick.  
Now he did not do this for pleasure,  
Nor did he do it for pelf.  
He simply did it to oblige a friend  
Who told him to go F. . . himself.

## SCOTLAND

There was a young man from Clyde  
 Who fell in a shit house and died  
 He had a young brother, who fell in another  
 Now they both are "interred "Side by side."



## THE LOVE ALHABET

A stands for Amour, which begins the affair  
 B for Boudoir, to which they repair.  
 C for the Cigarettes which are smoked in between  
 D for the Drinks, which sometimes are seen.  
 E for the Elevator which takes them up,  
 F for French Restaurant, like the Poodle Dog or Pup.  
 G for the Girl, may her ardor ne'er cool,  
 H for Husband, silly old Fool.  
 I for illicit love, long may it reign  
 J for the joy of it, giving sweet pain.  
 K for her kisses, provoking encore,  
 L for her lingerie strewn on the Floor,  
 M is for Me, dear, Gee ain't it grand.  
 N for both Nature and Nudity stand,  
 O for the Ohs, oft heard in the Night,  
 P for Perfection, which practice makes quite.  
 Q for Quantity and Quality too,  
 R for Resistance, 'tis found in a few.  
 S for her Skin, as fair as a Pearl,  
 T for Technique, which makes the head whirl.  
 U for Unity, which Nature has Taught,  
 V for Virginity, horrible thought.  
 W for Whirling Spray, noble Invention,  
 X for Expenses needless to mention,  
 Y for You, dear, inspiring this rhyme,  
 Z for the Zest of it, may it endure for all time.

(Parody of the Above)



## THE LOVER'S ALPHABET

A for the Artful word he uses  
 B for the Blush as she gently refuses  
 C for the Creep of his hand up her legs  
 D for the Don't as he quietly begs  
 E for the Excitement when his hand get higher  
 F for the Feeling of ticklish desire  
 G for the Gasp as her sweet spot he touches  
 H for her Helplessness fast in his clutches  
 I for the Itching which makes her feel hot  
 J for the Jumps as he touches her spot  
 K for the Kiss with which he rewards her  
 L for the Love he now has to her  
 M for the Move they make into bed  
 N for the Neat way her legs are outspread  
 O for the Opening thereby revealed  
 P for the Pencil already peeled  
 Q for the Queer feeling she has when it's in  
 R for the Rapture even though it is sin

S for the Strokes which wax stronger and stronger  
T for the Throbs which she wants to last longer  
U for the Uction which comes with a rush  
V for the Vim which attends a last push  
W for the Wishes to do it again  
Y for the Yearning which girls have for men  
Z for the Zeal which the pleasure inspires.

AND THIS IS THE STORY OF ARDENT DESIRE  
—Byron(?)

★ ★  
A frail young lady named Ilder  
Went around with a husky young builder  
Who thought that he should, that he could—and he would  
Also he did—and he damn near killed her.

★ ★  
The scorpion climbed on the tarantwla's neck  
And chortled with fiendish glee  
I'll fuck this poisonous son of a bitch  
Or—it's a cinch that he'll fuck me.

★ ★  
Hickory is the harest wood  
Jazzing does the ladies good  
It brightens their eyes and widens their thighs  
And gives their ass good exercise.

★ ★  
If the skirts grow any shorter  
Said the flapper with a sob,  
I'll have two more cheeks to powder  
And another place to bob.

★ ★  
~~a lot more hair~~  
There was a young man from Cape Corn,  
Who wished that he never was born,  
He wouldn't have been,  
But the rubber was thin,  
And neither one knew it was torn.

★ ★  
There was a young man from Florida  
Got stuck on a nasty, old, horrid whore.  
When he got into bed  
He said, "God strike me dead,  
This ain't a cunt, it's a corridor."

★ ★  
There was once an aesthetic young Miss  
Who thought it was heavenly bliss  
To fuck herself silly with the stem of a lilly  
And sit on a sunflower to piss.

★ ★  
WITH APOLOGIES TO KIPLING

A fool there was and he made a prayer,  
Even as you and I,  
To a Rag and a Bone and a Hank of Hair;  
Then he put the Bone up against the Hair,  
And the Dam Fool found that the Rag was there.



4  
For when the one greater scorer comes  
To write against your name  
He writes not what you won or lost  
But how you played the game.

★ ★  
Out of the night that covers me,  
Black as the pit from pole to pole  
I thank whatever God may be  
For my unconquerable soul.  
It matters not how straight the gate  
How charged with punishment the scroll  
I am the master of my fate,  
I am the captain of my soul.

★ ★  
IF  
If you were to sin, like Elanor Glyn  
Would you sin on a tiger skin?  
Or would you prefer to err  
On some other kind of fur  
No—if I would sin like Elanor Glyn  
I would sin—  
On a White Bare? Skin.

★ ★  
LIMERICKS  
A charming young lady named Hopper  
Committed a Social cropper  
She went to South Bend—with a gentleman friend  
And the rest of the story's improper.

★ ★  
SHATTERED IN COLLEGE  
There was once a young Vassar B. A.  
Who worked at this problem all day.  
Where the Quotient could be if C-U-N-T  
Were divided by C-O-C-K.  
Just then a Yale Student passed by  
And she gave him this problem to try.  
With the greatest of precision, he made the division,  
And the Quotient was B-A-B-Y.

★ ★  
TOASTS  
A man may kiss his wife good-by  
The Rose may kiss the Butterfly  
The Sparkling wine may kiss the glass  
But you my friend—farewell.

★ ★  
I want the men I want the wine,  
I want the lights that brightly shine;  
I want the fun without the price,  
I want to be naughty and yet be nice.  
I want the thrill of a long drawn kiss  
I want the things that good girls miss  
I want the heart and arms of a man  
And still stay single if I can  
Now what I want is a little advice

On how to be naughty and yet be nice.  
 I don't want to die in the Wintertime  
 When everything is drear  
 I don't want to die in the Springtime  
 When the Summer time is near  
 I don't want to die in the Summer time  
 When the fields are ripe with corn,  
 But if I must die let me die in the Autumn,  
 On September Morn.



If you were me and I were you  
 And no one on this earth but just we two  
 And each were sure that no one knew  
 I would—would you?  
 Here's to the Girls  
 Who GO with you  
 And Here's to those  
 Who COME with me.

Here's to the girls who will,  
 And here's to the girls who won't  
 And here's to the girls who say they will  
 And then you find they won't.  
 But of all the girls I've met  
 I'm sure you'll say I'm right  
 The girls I like the very best  
 Are those who say they won't  
 That look as though they might.



Sixty years have come and gone  
 He's now behind the barrier  
 And what was once a magic wand  
 Is now, but a water carrier.



The King sat in the counting house  
 Counting out his wealth  
 The Queen was in her bed room  
 Playing with herself  
 The Maid was in the pantry  
 Explaining to the groom  
 That the Vagina, not the Rectum  
 Is the entrance to the Womb.



Here's to you and me and Blighty,  
 I in my Pajamas and you in your nighty.  
 After a few drinks we all get Flighty,  
 So, why the Pajamas and why the Nighty.



She saw him, and she sought him,  
 Seeking him, she met him,  
 Meeting him, she loved him,  
 Loving him, she let him,  
 Letting him, she lost him.  
 There's an old homely adage, 'mongst maidens forlorn,  
 The older the buck, the stiffer the horn;

But those who have lived down the age to know why,  
 Say this is a chestnut and all a damn lie.  
 From 20 to 30, if the man is all right,  
 Its twice in the morning and three times at night;  
 From 30 to 40, as sure as you're born,  
 Its twice in the night and once in the morn;  
 From 40 to 50, without any warning,  
 He drops it at night or else in the morning;  
 From 50 to 60, its just now then,  
 And from 60 to 70, its God knows when;  
 And if he's past 70, as with all mankind,  
 If he does it at all, its all in his mind.  
 With women its different, its morning, noon and night  
 Regardless of whether they live long or right.  
 Age makes no difference as they are always inclined,  
 Nothing to get ready, not even their mind.  
 So its easy to see, after all's said and done  
 A man at sixty has completed his run  
 The woman at sixty, as figures don't lie,  
 Can take the old root until the day comes to die.  
 I am growing older every year  
 Gray Hairs are getting thicker, every year,  
 And my capacity for likker is getting less every year,  
 And though in some respects I'm bigger  
 I am slower on the trigger  
 And I cut less and less of a figger, every year.



### SPOONING TIME

King Winter is here with his grouch,  
 The time when you sneeze and you slouch,  
 You can't take your women  
 Canoein' or swimmin'—  
 But much can be done on a couch.



### A MODERN VERSION

Jack and Jill went up the hill  
 To fetch a pail of water;  
 Jill came down with a two-dollar bill,  
 —Do you think they went for water?



Sailing down the river,  
 Sitting in the stern:  
 Her hand in hisn,  
 And his hand in hern.



A man on a trip through the Grand Canyon decided to make  
 "Angel Pass" on burros—while going up the grade he describes in a  
 letter as follows:

"As I sit on my ass in the Angel Pass,  
 This paradox comes to my mind—  
 One half of my ass  
 Is ahead of my ass,  
 And the whole of my ass is behind."  
 And that's that.

At a banquet every one present was requested to arise and make a wish. Presuming, of course, that everyone would express himself as to what his dearest wish would be, one young man said:

"I wish I were a Diamond Ring  
On some fair Maiden's hand,  
So every time she wiped herself  
I'd see the Promised Land."



Who were the three most constipated men mentioned in the Bible?

Cain, because he wasn't able. Moses, because they gave him Tablets and Balam, because he had so much trouble with his ass.



### HERE'S HOPING

Here's hoping you live as long as you want to,  
Here's hoping you want to as long as you live.  
If I am asleep, when you want to, wake me,  
And if, when awake, I don't want to—make me.

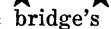


Tell me, what is worse than being all dressed up and no place to go?

All undressed and can't come.



If a passionate puppy is a hot dog, what is a constipated kitten?  
A tight pussy.



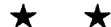
NIGARA FALLS! The bridge's second great disappointment!



A BUGGEROR—Says Oscar Wilde—is one who enlarges the circle of his friends.



What is the most useless space in the world?  
Very easy. The space between twin beds.



Life's Irony: One night with Venus. Six months with Mercury.



Are you going to send your wife to the country? "No, I think I'll fuck her myself."



The height of Ambition:—A flea climbing up an elephant's hind leg, with intent to commit rape!



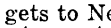
The height of Precaution:—An Old Maid putting a cundrum on her candle.



The most perilous indoor sport is said to be: BUTTON, BUTTON, HERE COMES MY HUSBAND.



"Why is a Ford car called a Henry in Detroit and a Lizzie in New York?"



"Because by the time it gets to New York it loses its nuts."



Rape: Assault with intent to please.

8  
A dog's idea of heaven: A mile of trees and a belly-full of piss.

★ ★  
A fool and her legs are soon parted.—

★ ★  
Ziegfield chorus girls were sent on a hunt recently for a book called Life of an African Princess by Erasmus B. Black.

★ ★  
It was said of a certain erotomaniac that he had cunt on his mind so much that regularly every month he had a nosebleed!

★ ★  
Isn't it peculiar that there are so many more Horses Asses in the world than there are Horses?

★ ★  
**AN EXPERIENCE TABLE**

March	4.	Advertising for a girl to do typewriting.....	\$ 1.30
"	9.	Violets for new typewriter .....	.50
"	13.	Week's salary of typewriter .....	10.00
"	16.	Roses for typewriter .....	2.00
"	20.	Miss Remington's salary .....	15.00
"	20.	Candy for wife and children over Sunday.....	.60
"	22.	Box of bonbons for Miss Remington.....	4.00
"	26.	Lunch for Miss Remington .....	5.75
"	27.	Daisie's salary .....	20.00
"	29.	Theatre and supper with Daisie at Del's .....	19.00
"	30.	Sealskin for wife .....	225.00
"	30.	Silk dress for wife's mother .....	50.00
"	30.	Advertising for young man to do typewriting...	1.30

★ ★  
Q. I was told that if I put a piece of wedding cake under my pillow at night I would dream of my future husband. I did and dreamed of the 23rd Regiment. Have I cause to worry?

—Arbella Wigglemuch.

A. I'll tell the world.

★ ★  
Q. Why do flappers wear black garters?

A. In memory of those who have passed beyond.

★ ★  
What is the difference between people who live in Boston and people who live on Long Island.

The people of Boston live on Beans and the Long Island people live on the Sound.

★ ★  
**IN THE MAIL BOX**

My sweetheart has bad eyes, and, very often, while sitting with him in our parlor, I put out the lights, as I feel for the young man. Am I doing right? —Lunchcounter Lulu.

It's alright, Lulu, providing he doesn't feel for you.

★ ★  
**CHANGE YOUR LUCK**

Luck is a jade; 'tis hard to brave her

To her stern customs you must bow

There's but one way to win her favor—

A nigger lady told me how!

9  
She is a wife in name only—but her apartment rent is paid.

★ ★  
Here is to woman, creature divine,  
She blooms each month  
And bears every nine,  
She's the only creature this side of Hell  
Who can take meat from nuts  
Without cracking the shell.

★ ★  
I wish I were a little Fish  
Frozen in the ice,  
Then, when the girls went skating  
God, wouldn't it be nice.

★ ★  
Beneath the spreading Chesnut tree  
The Village Smithy stands,  
The Smith, a feeble man is he,  
McCormick has his glands.

★ ★  
Here's to the girl that does it—  
Does it to one and all;  
But damn the girl that gets a fellow going  
And then won't do it at all.

★ ★  
**WHY DONT YOU?**

I've encouraged you with sighing  
And I've egged you on with song  
I've tried weeping on your shoulder  
All to help my suit along.

★ ★  
I've been innocent—and daring  
Reckless, gay—and wistful too  
Other men fell just like ten pins!  
Damn you, dearest, why don't you?

★ ★  
What's the difference between a toad in the road and a pair of  
girl's bloomers?—There is no difference, they're both in the road.

★ ★  
What's the difference between an eighteen twenty-five girl  
and a nineteen twenty-five girl? —The eighteen twenty-five girl  
you had to hold her to do it, and the nineteen twenty-five girl you  
have to do it to hold her.

★ ★  
Why are a girl's breasts so near her face? —To keep pussy  
away from the milk.

★ ★  
What is a prostitute? A flapper who has lost her standing as  
an amateur.

★ ★  
What is the modern definition of adultery? The wrong man in  
the right place.



Why do all the 1928 flappers pray on Sunday? Because they go out on Saturday night and sow their wild oats and Sunday they pray that the crop will be a failure.



What's the difference between a gold fish and a voluptuous woman? When a gold fish wiggles his tail he's going.



Irving Berlin's latest song, "I cannot leave her behind—alone.



She was the daughter of a butter-fly but he was a son-of-a-bee.



What is a good stenographer? One who never misses a period.



Why is a woman like a Bank?  
Because when you withdraw she loses interest.



I had a wet dream last night.

Is that so?

Yes, I dreamed of the Volstead Act.

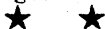


### THE HEIGHT OF EXPECTANCY

A sparrow sitting on a horse's tail awaiting for his dinner.



What must I do to get into the movies?  
Be a punk actress and a good kid.



Last night I went automobile riding with a strange young man.  
Did I do wrong?—Little Lulu.  
Probably, my dear.



I met an excellent young lady last night. I brought her a dinner at the Ritz, took her to a show and brought her a champagne supper. Should I have kissed her good night.—Ernie Emptyhead.  
No. You did enough for her.



I'm a good girl. I am a wonderful actress. I have been at Hollywood for five years trying to break into the moves but without success. What do you think is the reason for my failure?—Cleo Crummy.

The first sentence in your letter.



Some time ago a Kansas City paper ran a prize contest for men offering \$5000 for the best answer to the question, "What is the best thing in the world?" The editor got 41,347 answers and they were all identically the same.



A hotel chambermaid on her honeymoon wrote to her friend:  
"You ought to try it without your shoes, Mame, it's great."

I go to an osteopath twice a week to get tuned up and my mother disapproves of it. What do you think?—Gertie Gump.

Read "Night Life in Paris" by Paul deKock and you won't need to go to the osteopath.

I am nineteen years old and have just married a millionaire aged seventy seven. What shall I do to make my marriage happy?—Sallies Softstuff.

Move next door to a pool room.

Miss Bonedry Nobs was taking a stroll along Pennsylvania Avenue.

Along tripped a Brazen Hussy. The hussy tipped the Congressman a nawsty wink.

"Will you take a walk?" she said.

"Alas, it is too late," said he.

"Too late, your eye," said she. 'Tis but 9 of the o'clock."

"Alas, it is too late," said he—"twenty years too late."

A "stenog" had a quarrel with her boss. After she returned from lunch she informed her boss she had a "new position." The boss replied, "Well, lock the door."

A young girl who had married an old man was asked how she liked living with him. "Oh, it's the same thing, weak in, weak out," she answered.

"The reason I don't cheat," said one married man to another, "is that I find it so hard to keep up with my legitimate screwing."

The two most useless things in the world, says an Italian sage, are a man's tits and the Pope's balls.

Who are the four biggest liars in the world?

A Male quartette, singing, Yes, we have no Bananas.

Why can't a seal sleep? Could you sleep if you had a couple of flappers on each side of you.

Why hasn't Santa Claus any children?

Because he only comes once a year and when he does come he always shoots up the chimney.

What are the four stages of love? First hand in hand, then it in hand, then hand in it and then It in It.

Darling let me feel you garter  
Just an inch above the knee,  
And if my hand should slip up higher  
Please don't put the blame on me.  
Tho' the hairs on mine are silver  
And the hairs on yours are gold  
Let us put them both together,  
Silver threads amongst the gold.

## AN ODE TO JULIUS

By Kipyard Rudling

A fool there was and he met a belle,

Even as you and I,

He took her to a swell hotel,

Even as you and I,

He thought himself a smart young gink,

As he wrote "and Wife" with the pen and ink,

And carelessly gave the clerk a wink,

Even as you and I,

He called her dear and she called him pet,

Even as you and I,

He smiled as he thought of what he was to get,

Even as you and I,

Jane was Frisco's most beautiful belle,

And "Brownny" was all set to give Jane hell,

But when you pass fifty, you never can tell,

Even as you and I,

They went up the hallway and into the room,

Even as you and I,

Trying to look like a bride and groom,

Even as you and I,

He gazed on her beautiful figure divine,

He put out the light and pulled down the blind,

And thought he was in for a wonderful time,

Even as you and I,

She took off her shirtwaist and showed her white breast,

Even as you and I,

He stripped right to the hair on his chest,

Even as you and I,

He jumped into bed with a yearning desire,

His body was feverish, his brain was on fire,

Then suddenly discovered he had a flat tire,

Oy Yoy! Oy Yoy! Oy Yoy!

The fool sat down and he made a prayer,

Even as you and I,

To a rag, a bone, and a hank of hair,

Even as you and I,

For once in his life he prayed on the square.

But the beautiful Jane gave up in despair;

She called up a bell boy—gave Julius the air,

This is between you and I.

★ ★  
E X P E R I E N C E

A Persian Kitty, perfumed and fair,

Strayed out through the kitchen door for air;

When a tomcat, lean and lithe and strong,

Of tortoise shell hue, came tripping along.

He sniffed at the perfumed Persian cat,

As she strutted about with much eclat,

And having a bit of time to pass,

He whispered, "Kiddo, you're some class."

"That's fitting and proper," was her reply,  
As she arched the whiskers over her eye;  
"I'm ribboned and I sleep on a pillow of silk,  
And daily they bathe me in certified milk."

"Cheer up," said the tomcat with a smile,  
"And trust your new-found friend awhile;  
You need to escape from your backyard fence,  
For, my dear, all you lack is **experience**."

New joys of living Tom then unfurled,  
As he told her tales of the outside world;  
Suggesting at last with a lurid laugh,  
A trip for them down the primrose path.

The morning after the night before,  
The "cat came back" at the hour of four;  
The look in her innocent eye had went,  
But the smile on her face was the smile of content.

And in after days when the children came  
To the Persian Kitty of pedigreed fame,  
They were not Persian, but black and tan—  
And she told them their pa was a traveling man.



### THE DESPERATE KID

The boy stood on the burning deck,  
Lashed safely to the mast,  
He would not move a single inch.  
Till Oscar Wilde went past.



I've been a bad woman, but I was good company.



One of the biggest song hits of the season in New York is  
entitled: —"She sits amongst the rusty nails and screws."



B. S.

"Father, tell me what is bull shit?"

Asked an eager, earnest lad.

"Son," replied the loving father,

"Bull shit is both good and bad.

"As a literal translation,

Bull shit is the dung that's found

In the limit of the stock yards

Where the cows and steers abound.

"But in jesting, bar-room parlance,

Bull shit stands for something more;

It is salve to heal the suckers,

Who imagine they are sore.

"When a guy comes in and strings you

With a story fine and fit

All about a check that's coming,

Take my word, son, that's bull shit.

"When another guy approaches

14  
With a lovely tale of woe,  
And he mentions that he knew you  
In the buried long ago,  
"An dhe edges to you closely  
At the table where you sit,  
And about a small loan whispers,  
Just believe me, that's bull shit.  
"Now, this flower of stockyard fragrance  
Doesn't bloom alone for men:  
Women use it to advantage  
In their business now and then.  
"When a lady lax in morals  
Fondly says that you are it,  
While your coin is burning warmly,  
Lad, she's handing you bull shit.  
"If you cop a little fairy  
When the lights are burning bright,  
And the horse of dawn is riding  
Down the beaten track of night,  
"And she says it never happened  
In her virgin life before,  
And that drink and she were strangers  
Till you butted in the door.  
"And she tells you of her mamma,  
And the things she don't permit,  
Take a hunch, my son, and cop her—  
All those bets, they're just bull shit.  
"As a means of fertilizing  
Lawns and gardens, you will find  
That this product of the stockyards  
Has the elements beat blind.  
"But for any other purpose  
Don't accept it—pass it by;  
You may not detect the odor,  
But it works both damp and dry.  
"It is hard to tell the distance  
Frogs can jump from where they sit;  
This may illustrate the meaning  
Of the classic term: bull shit."



A chap was fooling with his sweetheart and had gotten up, well  
about as far as he could. "Ouch," said the girl, "take your hand  
away, your ring is hurting me."

"Huh," said the fellow, "that's not my ring, that's my wrist  
watch."



A Southerner, who had the reputation of being a spell binder,  
was asked at a Convention to make a speech and it was suggested  
that he talk on "home."

He made a beautiful speech, that brought tears to the eyes of  
almost everyone there and just as a final touch he recited the fol-  
lowing:

You may talk of some beautiful Bungalow,  
On a Hillside by the Sea,  
But a nice Black Ass on a Pile of Grass,  
Is Home, Sweet Home to me.

### A MOTORCYCLE MISHAP

A young girl was riding down a country road one day on a motorcycle when the machine suddenly stopped.

As she was bending over it, searching for the cause, a country fellow who was standing by the roadside, approached, and after eyeing the machine a moment remarked: "Looks as if it was out of juice."

The young lady after looking at the lad, decided to have some fun with him, so she replied:

"Well, if you would have been between my legs as long as this machine you'd be out of juice, too."

The country fellow looked at the machine for a time and then said:

"Well, if I had as many nuts as this machine, I'd give you a hell of a run for your money."



A girl may pilot an Airplane

Or drive a Motor Car

But when it comes to riding a horse astride

That's stretching a "thing" too far.



### EPITAPH ON THE DUTCH TWINS

Here lie our twins so dead as nits,

Which Gott has killed mit ague fits,

He would not let them stay mit we,

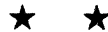
So too: them home to stay mit he,

I say 'Katrine'—that is my frow—

"You must not weep or worry now,

You must not weep, you must not fret,

We've got the tools to make 'em yet."



### OUT IN FRISCO

(After the Quake)

Out in Frisco.

There's nothing left to burn,

Out in Frisco.

For the red lights now I yearn

Out in Frisco.

All the joints are to the bad,

Iry Martinis can't be had,

Milk-shakes are all the fad,

Out in Frisco.

Marchand's and Tait's are quiet,

Out in Frisco.

Canned goods are all the diet,

Out in Frisco.

And the famous French cafes,

With their naughty little ways,

All went up in one big blaze,

Out in Frisco.

The Poodle Dog is gone,

Out in Frisco.

And the Mother's lost her pup,

Out in Frisco.



If alone you'd like to to be  
 There's no place for privacy,  
 For the sports its 23,

Out in Frisco.

There's no more chance to sin,

Out in Frisco.

No place left to spend your tin,

Out in Frisco.

There's no more sporting life,  
 No one bothers with your wife,

From here on its way

With their BILLY

At the Richmond now they meet

There's nothing left but strife,

Out in Frisco.

When they want a bite to eat,

Out in Frisco.

If with your babe you would skidoo,

Take a hike to Ocean View,

There's no place left for you,

Out in Frisco.

Conscience need not trouble you

There's nothing left to do

Out in Frisco.

When you're dead they'll toll a bell,  
 Plant your carcass in an unused well,

You will go no further—this is Hell,

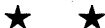
Out in Frisco.



### "A LITTLE"

A little kiss a little smile,  
 A hand clasp every little while,  
 A little whisper in the ear,  
 That no one else must overhear.  
 A little pressure on the foot,  
 Upon a snugly buttoned boot,  
 A scribbled note, a little date,  
 To meet me when the hour is late.  
 A little dinner just for two,  
 A little drink when we are through,  
 A little room in some hotel,  
 A little promise not to tell,  
 A little bathroom all in white,  
 A little turning down the light,  
 A little shirtwaist on a chair  
 A little suit of underwear.  
 That comes off with a little teasing,  
 And shows a lovely form most pleasing,  
 A little blush, a little sigh,  
 A little promise bye and bye,  
 A little bed of shiny brass,  
 A little turning down the gas,  
 A little night robe, mostly lace,  
 More kisses and a tight embrace,

A little wrestling in the gloom  
 A deep sigh and a quiet room,  
 A pair of little hearts that beat,  
 A little effort to repeat  
 A little towel or maybe two,  
 A little snuggling up to you,  
 A little sleep 'til half past four,  
 A little teasing for some more.  
 Another little sleep and then,  
 Breakfast in bed at nine or ten,  
 A little fussing while we dress,  
 A cigarette and a caress.  
 A little bill, a little tip,  
 A little parting, lip to lip,  
 A little stealing down the stair,  
 A little secret one can share.  
 A little weariness next day.  
 Like little children after play,  
 A little wish that you and I,  
 May have another bye and bye.



### THE DIABETIC DOG

A farmer's dog came into town  
 His Christian name was Tige,  
 His mother showed his pedigree,  
 It was noblesse oblige.  
 And as he trotted down the street  
 'Twas a wonderful sight to see  
 Him piss against each corner,  
 And piss against each tree.  
 He pissed against each gateway,  
 And pissed against each post,  
 For pissing was his specialty  
 And pissing was his boast.  
 The city dogs looked on amazed  
 With growing jealous rage,  
 To see a simple country dog  
 The pisser of his age.  
 Some thought that he a king might be,  
 Of legend most forgot,  
 Whose are-hole shown like burnished gold,  
 And smelled like bergamot.  
 Then each dog smelled him critically,  
 They smelled him two by two,  
 But the farmer's dog in high disdain,  
 Stood still till they were through.  
 Then just to show his mettle,  
 And that he didn't care a damn,  
 He trotted to a grocery store  
 And pissed upon a ham.  
 He pissed upon a child's bare leg,  
 He pissed upon the floor,  
 'Till the grocer will a bull's eye kick,  
 Sent him pissing through the door.

Behind him all the city dogs  
 Lined up with instinct true,  
 To start a pissing carnival  
 To see the stranger through.  
 They showed him every pissing place  
 They had about the town,  
 And started in with many a wink  
 To piss the stranger down.  
 They sent for champion pissers  
 In training and condition,  
 Who sometimes did a pissing stunt,  
 Or pissed for exhibition.  
 So he kept pissing merrily,  
 With hind leg hoisted high,  
 While others hoisted their legs in bluff  
 But were pissing mighty dry  
 Then Tige sought new pissing places  
 By piles of scrap and rust,  
 'Till even the boldest pisser  
 Pissed only a little spurt of dust.  
 But on and on went pissing Tige  
 With shining amber rill,  
 'Till the best pisser of them all,  
 Was pissed to a dead stand-still.  
 Then followed free hand-pissing  
 With fancy flirts and flings,  
 Like "double drop" and "gimlet twist"  
 And all those graceful things.  
 But not a wink gave the farmer's dog,  
 Not even a bark, but with a grin,  
 He pissed his journey out of town;  
 Just the same as he came in.  
 The city dogs, in Latin phrase,  
 Lost most of their conceitus,  
 They never dreamed until this day;  
 That Tige had diabetes.



### THE PASSING OF THE OLD BACKHOUSE

When memory keeps me company and moves to smiles or tears,  
 A weather-beaten object looms through the mist of years.  
 Behind the house and barn it stood, a half mile or more,  
 And hurrying feet a path had made, straight to its swinging door.  
 Its architecture was a type of simple classic art,  
 But in the tragedy of life it played an leading part.  
 And oft the passing traveler drove slow and heaved a sigh,  
 To see the modest hired girl slip out with glances shy.  
 We had our posey garden that the women loved so well,  
 I loved it, too, but better still I loved the stronger smell  
 That filled the evening breezes so full of homely cheer,  
 And told the night-o'ertaken tramp that human life was near.  
 On lazy August afternoons it made a little bower  
 Delightful where my grandsire sat and whiled away an hour.  
 For there the summer mornings its very cares entwined,  
 And berry bushes reddened in the treaming soil behind.  
 All day fat spiders spun their webs to catch the buzzing flies

That flitted to and from the house, where Ma was baking pies.  
 And once a swarm of hornets bold, had built a palace there,  
 And stung my unsuspecting aunt—I must not tell you where.  
 Then father took a flaming pole—that was a happy day—  
 He nearly burned the building up, but the hornets left to stay.  
 When summer bloom began to fade and winter to carouse,  
 We banked the little building with a heap of hemlock boughs.  
 But when the crust was on the snow and the sullen skies were gray,  
 In sooth the building was no place where one could wish to stay.  
 We did our duties promptly, there one purpose swayed the mind.  
 We tarried not, nor lingered long on what we left behind.  
 The torture of that icy seat would make a Spartan sob,  
 For needs must scrape the goose-flesh with a lacerating cob.  
 That from a frost-encrusted hall, was suspended from a string—  
 For father was a frugal man and wasted not a thing.  
 When grandpa had to “go out back” and make his morning call,  
 We’d bundle up the dear old man with a muffler and a shawl.  
 I knew the hole on which he sat—’twas padded all around,  
 And once I dared to sit there—’twas all too wide I found.  
 My loins were all too little—and I jack-knifed there to stay,  
 They had to come and get me out, or I’d have passed away.  
 Then father said ambition was a thing that boys should shun,  
 And I just used the children’s hole ’till childhood days were done.  
 And still I marvel at the craft that cut those holes so true,  
 The baby hole, and the slender hole that fitted Sister Sue;  
 That dear old country landmark, I tramped around a bit,  
 And in the lap of luxury my lot has been to sit.  
 But ere I die I’ll eat the fruit of trees I robbed of yore,  
 Then seek the shanty where my name is carved upon the door.  
 I ween the old familiar smell will sooth my jaded soul,  
 I’m now a man, but none the less, I’ll try the children’s hole.

James Whitcomb Riley. —

★ ★  
 Two old maids  
 Went for  
 A tramp in the woods.  
 The tramp  
 Died.

★ ★  
 As I stepped up to the lonesome lady in the hotel lobby, I inquired, “Are you looking for a particular person?”

“I’m satisfied,” she said, “if you are.”

### ★ ★ NIGGER STORIES

A colored man was arrested for beating up a man most unmercifully and when the Judge questioned him why he did it he answered that the victim had called him a black Son of a Bitch.

Well, that is no reason for your beating the man up so that you nearly killed him.

Well, Judge, asked the accused, if a man called you a black Son of a Bitch, what would you do?

They couldn’t call me that, answered the Judge, I am not colored.

Well, Judge, answered the Nigger, what would you do if he called you the kind of a Son of a Birth what you is.

20  
A coon who had been going around for some time with Lindy Johnson. Taking her home one night he asks that she let him go all the way.

"Dat's all right with me, Hiram; but it will cost you exactly two dollahs."

"Look ahere, Lindy Johnson, I'se been going wid you now for two months; I'se taken you to all de circuses and shows what came to town; I done buy you all the peanuts and popcorn, and bows and ribbons and perfume, and now dat I want a little piece of youh ass you axes me two dollahs."

"Yes, mam, Niggah, it'll cost you two dollahs."

"Look here, Lindy Johnson, I wouldn't give two dollahs for a piece of elephant ass, and dat am de highest what am."

★ ★  
Two coons are walking along the street, and on the other side of the street there is passing a Sister of Mercy. Said Mose to Rastus: "Rastus, what am dat queer lookin' woman over dere? I done nebber see one dressed like dat."

"Don't you know what dat am, Niggah? Dat am a Nun."

"What am a Nun, Rastus? How come! What an a Nun?"

"Why, you ignorant Niggah! A Nun am a lady what nebber got None and nebbah expects to get None."

★ ★  
**THEY KNEW WHAT HE MEANT**

Because of a disagreement with the Ladies' Aid Society, Parson George W. Johnson, of the African M. E. Church, had been asked to resign, and his farewell address was as follows:

"Brethren and Sistahs: I has recebed yo' resignation, which I accepts. I leave yo' all wif no regrets. I does not say goodbye nor does I say fahwell. I has no vocabulary to express mah feelin's. Neither does I say au revo,' but as I pass down de centah aisle, I want each and ebry niggah heath to obserb pahcticular de little bunch ob mistletoe pinned to de tail ob mah coat."

★ ★  
**AND BESIDES, THAT'S HARD ON YOU RASTUS!**

Mammy Lou passed at the stair door. "Rastus, O Rastus!" she called.

"Yes, Mammy, what you want?"

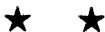
"I wants to know what yo' doin'?"

"I's just playin' on mah ukilalli."

"Well, jist quit it, you black rascal! Come down here right this minute an' wash yo' hands, you dinnah am ready."

★ ★  
A young veterinary in the South was called in a hurry to attend a horse, but by the time he arrived the animal was dead. He asked the farmer if he might not take certain parts of the horse with him, to preserve in alcohol, so he might have them in his office. The farmer allowed him to and the vet cut out the heart, liver, prick and balls of the horse, and threw them into the back of his buggy. As he drove home over a rough road, the prick and balls were shaken out and lay in the road. A couple of negro wrenches chanced to pass. They stopped to examine the objects in the road, and then one said in awe-stricken tones: "See what the Ku Klux done to our pastor!"

Rastus was pained. With no malice aforethought he had returned home several hours earlier than usual, only to find his wife in bed with the janitor. "Mandy, Mandy," he said, "I sho' am 'shamed of you." But Mandy only looked up and said, "Look on, nigger, gaze on an' learn something."



A Negro and his newly-wed bride arrived at a Harlem hotel on the first night of their honeymoon and immediately prepared for bed. "Here's where ah cuts de gash dat nevah heals," said the groom in an exultant voice. "Go easy, sweet papa, go easy, please," the bride begged. "You all knows ah has a weak heart." "Don't you worry honey," her husband assured her. "Ah'll go awful easy as ah passes de heart."



Rastus and Liza were just married, and hastened to their rooms. A party of their friends, determined that the young couple should have neither leisure nor rest that first night, undertook to serenade them. Beneath the windows of the couple this party gathered, and a frequent intervals made the night full with their noises. Each time Rastus essayed to draw apart the veil that kept his bride from becoming his wife, a fearful din would set in, so that he thought surely his friends were going to break into their privacy, and perhaps, catch him in the very act. Finally Liza could stand it no longer, to hover thus between the single and the married state, so she called out in peevish accents to her husband that he demand his friends to desist. He tried again and again, but they would not heed him. Finally Liza yelled at him, "Rastus, pee on 'em Rastus." The latter turned a reproachful, yet gentle look on his bride. "Honey, whare yo' think dey is at, anyway? On de roof 'cross de street?"



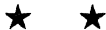
A negro excitedly entered the noted surgeon's office. "Doctor," he panted, "ah wants you to castrate me." "What?" marvelled the medico. "A husky like yourself?" "Doan ask no questions, Doc", the darky answered. "Castrate me. Heh's yo money." Shrugging his shoulders, the doctor called his assistant, who administered the ether, and the negro lost the power of his sex. As he came out of the ether the doctor leaned over to him and said: "Now that you've had this done, and while you're on the table, why not be circumcised?" "Dawgone, Doc," said the negro in a squeaky voice, "dat am de word I wanted. Dat's what I want done!"



A weazened little negro was on trial for rape. His accuser sat in a chair on the stand and testified that on a summer's day he had come across her in the woods, backed her against a tree and raped her. There was no sympathy for the little negro. His goose was cooked. The judge ordered the negress to step up onto the stand. As she rose it was evident that she was several heads taller than the defendant. "How comes it," asked the judge, "that a little bit of a fellow like that was able to attack a large woman like yourself? It seems to me that standing against a tree, as you say you were, he could barely reach you." "Well, judge," admitted the plaintiff, "ah'll admit ah did stoop a little!"



A colored girl was being delivered of a child. Downstairs waited her Sam. Mandy suffered a great deal of pain, and, altogether, had a hard time of it. Finally, when it was all over, she sighed and said: "Ef this yer is what married life is like, you go down and tell Sam our engagement is off."



"C'mawm, Mammy," pleaded the young master with the cook, "gimme a piece, c'mawn, lemme screw ya." "Go long, chile," laughed the black, "you too young. Go on long wid yuh." "Aw, 'mon, Jes' a little screw," the boy pled. "Gon way chile, you too small, I tell yuh." But the boy pleaded and pleaded, till finally Mammy raised her skirts, and, standing against the wall, let the boy put in his penis. The youth was diddling away with the ardor of puberty, when the negress suddenly said: "C'mon in bed, chile, you got talent."



A teacher in a public school said to the children one day: "Now, children, the principal is coming this afternoon and will put questions to the class, and I want you to make a splendid showing, and as I happen to know just what questions he is going to put, I am going to coach you, and want you to answer him correctly. Now, Johnnie, you are in seat one. He will ask you, 'Who made you?' and your answer will naturally be, 'God made me.' You, Billy, are in the second seat and he will ask you, 'Who were the first people on earth?' and your answer will be, 'Adam and Eve.'" And thus down the line of scholars she went, instructing each one.

In the afternoon, just a moment before the principal came into the room, Johnnie asked to go to the toilet. Turning to the first boy, who in the absence of Johnnie happened to be Billy, he asked: "Who made you?" The answer came back in a flash, "Adam and Eve." "What's that! What's that? Don't you know that God made you." "Not on your life," was the answer. "The fellah that God made is downstairs taking a shit."



Two chaps, who had studied in Paris, one a painter and the other a sculptor, and who had roomed together in the Latin Quarter, met on the street, after not having seen each other for a number of years. After the usual questions and remarks at their joy about meeting again after all these years, Jim, the sculptor, asks Bill, the painter, how he was coming along, and being assured that all was well with him, and how things were with him. Said Bill: "I want you to come over to my studio and see my masterpiece. And my model! God! man she's the most glorious creature in the world. She has hair like spun gold. Her eyes are azure blue. Her nose, perfect, Her cheeks like damask. Her mouth a cupid's bow. Her chin, perfection. Her beautiful neck, like a swan's. The curve of her breasts—well, man, I just can't describe it. And, say, old man, do you follow me?" "Jesus Christ, yes, old top," was the answer. "I'm away ahead of you."



An Englishman was present at a party once during which one of the guests recited a parody as follows:

"Mary had a little skirt,  
'Twas split just right in half,

And everywhere that Mary went,  
She showed her little calf."

It was a jolly rhyme, thought the limey, and made a mental note of it. Back in deah ol' Lunnon he essayed to repeat it at a mixed gathering, promising it would amuse the ladies. This is the rhyme as he read it:

"Mary had a little, er, ah, skirt,  
'Twas slit, er . . . dontcherknow, just in front,  
And everywhere that, er . . . Mary went,  
She showed her little . . . .

My Gowd, that can't be right."

### ★ ★ THE SHIT HOUSE PHILOSOPHER

Said the Senator from Texas to the Senator from Utah: "It must be hard to be a Mormon."

What do you think she meant, when a girl makes the following remark: "There are only two things to do on a rainy night, and I don't like to play cards?"

*of summer - fish & fuck in  
winter - no fishing.*

The nervous groom: He got balled up and kissed the preacher and handed the bride five dollars.

A bachelor girl is a woman who has never been married.  
An old maid is a woman who has never been married nor anything.

Quit eating beans—they talk behind your back.

If alcohol is the King of Spirits then Magnesia must be the queen of the movies.

Slender women for romance, fat ones for pleasure!

My girl is so good looking that whenever she gets on a street car, the advertising is a total loss.

Two in the bush is the root of all evil.

A humdinger is a fellow who can kiss a deaf and dumb girl and make her holler "Hot Dog."

Never sue an editor for libel. He might prove it on you.

Love may be blind, but the neighbors aren't.

The next best thing to ambition is patience.

Manicuring: A nice side line for a pretty girl.

Better to marry a maid and surprise her than a widow and disappoint her.

24  
Will cocktails ruin my complexion?—Fanny Flybynight.  
Yes, and other things besides.

★ ★  
Would you advise me to become a chorus girl?—Maryl Muss.  
What's the matter; don't you get enough to eat?

★ ★  
Definition of Wickedness: What the other fellow enjoys.

★ ★  
A sense of decency will protect a girl better than iron underwear.

★ ★  
I had only two vices and they're both gone. Prohibition took away one and Old Age the other.

★ ★  
Marriage is a great institution—but who in hell wants to live in an institution?

★ ★ married  
Love is the sugar-coating on the cake of trouble.

★ ★  
Alcohol and vaseline are now the principal lines in the drug business.

★ ★  
I love to go automobile riding with men, but I love my virtue better. Would you advise me to accept a little invitation for a ride now and then?—Gertie Gush.

Yes, but always take along a bicycle. The way back may be long.

★ ★  
I have a fine face and figure and should like to break into the movies as a leading lady. Would you advise me to call on the director of a film studio some morning?

No. Call on the boss of the studio some evening.

★ ★  
I came home for lunch unexpectedly yesterday and found the ice man in my wife's bed. What do you suppose he was doing there? Mike Muttface.

A hard-working ice man needs lots of sleep, you simp.

★ ★  
My husband comes home every night and never goes out for a minute. Whad'ye think?—Mrs. Junck.

It must be inconvenient for the other fellow.

★ ★  
**WITH COVERS LAID FOR TWO**

Would you like a little supper with covers laid for two,  
You know the kind of supper that I mean.  
And if you are not hungry, you can look the menu through,  
You know the kind of hunger that I mean.  
We'll have a little duck, celery salad on the side,  
A little bottle cold as ice, in which we will confide,  
All thoughts of the hereafter, and other things beside,  
You know the kind of other things I mean.

When we've had that little supper, with covers laid for two,  
 You know the kind of supper that I mean  
 The dessert will soon follow, as desserts always do,  
 You know the kind of dessert that I mean.  
 We will have a little fruit, a little coffee on the side,  
 Then another little bottle, which doubtless will decide  
 If you're to go home early, and other things beside,  
 You know the kind of other things I mean.  
 Yes, I'd like that little supper, with covers laid for two,  
 I know the kind of supper that you mean.  
 And I'll come to you quite early, and I'll go the menu through,  
 And I know the kind of hunger that you mean.  
 And I'll not go home too early, it is rude to eat and run,  
 Your menu is a dandy and the dessert's number one  
 And we'll have that extra bottle, and other things for fun,  
 You know the kind of other things I mean.

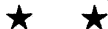
Duet:

We've had that little supper with covers laid aside,  
 You know the kind of covers that we mean.  
 And the small hot bird was better for the gravy on its hide.  
 I know you know the small hot bird we mean.



ON THE ROAD OF ANTHRACITE

The porter sleeps, the drummer creeps,  
 Into the berth where Phoebe sleeps.  
 All through the night he holds her tight  
 Upon the road of anthracite.  
 The months roll by, and with a sigh  
 Poor Phoebe says—Now I know why  
 My corset's tight, it was that night,  
 Upon the road of anthracite.  
 The drummer too is feeling blue,  
 And many a time that night did rue,  
 Alas poor soul he burnt his pole  
 Upon the road that burns hard coal.  
 And as you see if you'd be free,  
 From ills that hurt you when you pee,  
 Just travel right by day and night,  
 Keep off the road of anthracite.



THE NAUGHTY FLY

A little fly flew by the door,  
 He flew into the grocery store  
 He pissed on the cheese, and shit on the ham  
 And wiped his ass on the grocery man.  
 When the grocery man saw what he had done  
 He loaded up his gatling gun,  
 He chased the fly all up and down  
 An tried to shoot him in the brown.  
 But the fly was much, oh, much too slick,  
 He showed the grocery man a trick  
 He flew around the room and then  
 Went and shit on the ham again.

26  
When he had done this dirty work  
He flew over to the lady clerk  
And up her leg he took a stroll  
And took a bath in the lady's hole.

The lady laughed and said "Oh My,"  
"Now, you're there, stay there, your naughty fly,  
What made her laugh she did not know  
But something up there tickled her so.

She felt so gay that she rolled on the floor.  
And said "I never felt so gay before"  
She closed her legs and held her breath  
And the little fly was smothered to death.



### SHE GOT IT

Employer (to prospective stenographer): "And how much do you customarily get, Miss Jones?"

Miss Jones: "Twenty-five dollars a week."

Employer: "I'll give you that with pleasure."

Miss Jones: "Making thirty dollars in all."



A man sentenced to jail was visited by his lawyer in the morning and the Lawyer asked him how he felt.

Just like a bride was the answer.

What do you mean by that his Attorney?

I know what I'm going to get, but not how long.



Man goes into a restaurant, seats himself at a table and asks that the Proprietor be sent to him. The restaurant owner comes up and asks, what can I do for you?

What do you charge for crabs? Seventy-five cents each, is the answer. Put her there, old top, says the diner, sticking out his hand. Shake hands with a millionaire.



The night after a raid on an apartment house, with a questionable reputation, the Judge, looking over the women taken in the raid is horrified to see amongst the women brought before him the wife of a very close acquaintance of his, a man high up in the financial and social world. He looks at her and says, Mrs.——— I am inexpressibly shocked and astounded to find you amongst these other women. Do you mean to tell me that you are a professional Prostitute. No, Judge, she answers, smiling sweetly, but a very enthusiastic Amateur.



A woman goes into the New York Aquarium and has a guide showing her around. He answers the many questions she puts to him and when they come to a certain tank the guide explains to her how the female comes and deposits her eggs in a hole in the sand and swims away and then the male fish comes swimming over to the place where the eggs are, fanning with his tail and then he swims away and in that way the fish are propagated. Oh, said the lady. Now I know why they call them "Poor Fish."

A young lady is giving a party finds that after her list is made up of those she has invited, that she wants to cut down and takes the list, takes a pin and punches a hole opposite the names of those whom she thinks she will eliminate. Her Aunt, with whom she is living comes in and she says, Aunty I have decided not to invite some of those who were originally down to receive invitations. Which ones, asks the Aunt. Oh, answers the girl, the ones with the little pricks.

"Oh, well, answers the Aunt," invite them anyway. Maybe they play cards.



A chap who was in the habit of going into a certain lunch room day after day, and day after day, ordering the same thing, ham and eggs, comes in one day, seats himself at the counter and the same waitress who waited on him every day says, "I'm sorry Mr. Jones, but I just scratched what you like."

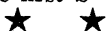
"That's all right Violet," just wash your hands and bring me some Ham and Eggs.



A kike named Nafskie wanted to change his name and when asked by the Judge what he wanted to change it to, and why, answered, Vell, it is so Jewish. I like to have it changed to Hurwitz.



A southern colonel, goes into one of the modern hotel toilets, where you drop a nickel into the slot in order to get into the private enclosure. When he comes out he hands the colored attended a fifteen cent tip. Thank you, Sah, thank you, Colonel, I'se much obliged, in deed I is. What's the matter, asks the Colonel? Isn't business good? Why, Colonel, says Sambo, all day long it's been Piss, Piss, Piss, and you'se de first S——t dats been in here today.



A week before the wedding the young girl came to her mother in tears. "I'm so afraid about getting married," she said. "I'm afraid I won't be able to please my sweetheart." Her mother, who wanted to make the girl's trials easier, undertook to explain to her the secrets of married life. With some hesitation, she began to explain to the girl what she would have to go through, "Oh, that doesn't bother me, mother," said the daughter, "I can fuck alright, but I can't cook."



A Michiganite, who had just purchased one of Mr. Ford's latest was out for a drive one day when the car suddenly halted and he could not get it started again. Just then Henry himself drove by in a Lincoln, saw the man's difficulty and stopped. "I can't seem to turn the engine over," the customer complained. Ford himself lifted the head, leaned down into the mechanism and whispered to it. Immediately the engine began to run. "Oh, Mr. Ford, please tell me what you told the engine," the man pleaded, "so I won't have this trouble again." "I just whispered 'Lizzie, this is Henry, turn over,'" said the great inventor.



"I'm going to buy a Studebaker," an old maid said to a friend of hers. "Don't do it," he counseled, "Get a Buick. If you buy a Studebaker, you'll get screwed." Next day she had a Studebaker.

A professor of botany was lecturing to a girl's class. "This twig you will notice," said he, "is composed of bark, hardwood, and pith. Of course you know what pith is." The class stared at him blankly. "Don't you know what pith is?" the professor repeated. "You, Miss Brown, you know what pith is, do you not?" "Yeth, thir," said Miss Brown.



The Dinktown band was doing its best when someone called the piccalo player a son of a bitch. The leader's baton beat a tatoo on his music stand, and the players became silent. He turned to his audience. "Who called my piccalo player a son of a bitch?" he demanded. A voice in the rear of the theatre yelled back: "Who called that son of a bitch a picollo player?"



Said the young girl to the physician, Oh, Doctor, where does the baby come out? Where it went in, was the answer. Oh, I know, Lincoln Park.



### PROOF OF PROTECTION

"Marion certainly must be a good girl."

"Why so?"

Her name came up in the barber shop last night and no one knew anything about her."



### JEWISH STORIES

Becky came to her father with her head downcast. "Papa," she said, "you know that rich Mr. Leventhal? Well, he knocked me up, and I'm going to have a baby soon." "My God," said the father, "Where is he, I'll kill him, the bastard, the moiderer, the son-of-a-bitch. Give me his address. I'll moider him." Dashing to the rich man's home, he cornered him, and in a loud voice, he told him what he intended to do. But the rich Mr. Leventhal was quite calm. "Don't get excited," he said, "I ain't running away, and I intend to do the right thing by your daughter. If she has a child and it's a boy I'll settle on her fifty thousand dollars. If it's a girl, I'll settle thirty-five thousand on her. Is that fair?" The father halted, while the look of anger on his face changed. "And if it's a miscarriage," he pleaded, "will you give her another chance?"

Bernstein met Cohen on the street and seemed to be very angry. "Cohen," he yelled, "you got to make that boy of yours behave, or I'll break every bone in his body." Cohen, demanded to know what had happened to cause this outburst. "He came to my house last night," said Bernstein, "and went with my daughter in the parlor. Like a good feller I left them alone. Now listen Cohen, I don't throw it up to you that he laid by Becky over on the couch. I don't throw it up to you that he screwed my Becky there; but what gets me real angry is why does the son-of-a-bith have to wipe his schwanz on my plush portieres?"



Edelson had retired from business and was enjoying life, till one day his eldest son came to him and demanded ten thousand dollars. "I knocked up a girl," he said, "and I got to have it, or there'll

be terrible trouble. You must save the family name." "This is terrible," said the old man, "but I can't see the family disgraced. Here is my check." Several days later his other son came to him. "Papa," he said, in an agonized voice, "I've got to have twenty thousand. I knocked up a girl and if I don't have the money we are all ruined." "Gevald," said the father, "that takes away nearly mine whole fortune. But I can't see the family named disgraced. Here's the money." A few days later his daughter came to him and confessed, "Papa, I'm pregnant." "Thank God, business is picking up," said the old man.



The doctor had just delivered a young woman on the west side of a lovely child, and he complimented her, asking to see the father of such a wonderful baby. "I'm ashamed to admit it, doctor," said the young woman, "But my husband is on the road. The father of this child is Meyer Ginsburg." "Oho," thought the doctor, "one of those cases," and went on his way. In a few days he was called to confine a woman on the east side, and she also said the father of her child was Meyer Ginsburg. The following week a woman in Brooklyn attributed the parenthood of her child to Meyer Ginsburg. In short the doctor answered about a dozen cases, in each of which the father was named Meyer Ginsberg. The last straw came when he was called to the Bronx to a family named Ginsburg, and delivered the woman of triplets. "Pardon me," said the doctor, "but is your husband named Meyer?" "Yes," answered the woman, "Do you want to see him?" He's downstairs in the yard, sawing some wood." The doctor went down, to see this marvel, and found him a weakened little Hebrew. "Listen, Meyer," said the doctor, "I confined in the last few weeks twelve women in all parts of the city, uptown, downtown, east side, west side, Brooklyn, Queens and the Bronx, and each one said you are the father of the child. My God, man, how do you do it?" "It's easy doctor," Ginsberg replied, "I got a bicycle."



Goldstein's wife had died. Goldstein made the house ring with his lamentations. Finally his brother persuaded him to go to his room, to quiet himself. For three days nothing was heard of Goldstein. His brother, alarmed, went up to see him, and found him screwing the maid. "Meyer," he said, in an injured tone, "Only a few days your wife is dead Meyer, and what are you doing?" Meyer stopped long enough to look up. He pleaded, "In my grief, I should know what I'm doing?"

This story recites how Levy came home early one day, to find his wife in bed under the vigorous strokes of a stranger. "Rebecca!" said Levy, "To think that after all these years, after all I did for you, after I made you a lady and gave you from the finest, and you should do such a thing to me. Rebecca, I took you when you was a poor girl and . . . ain't you even got respect enough to stop while I'm talking to you?"



Abrams frantically dashed up the stairs of his home. "Sarah," he panted, "we got to move out of here right away. I just found out the most terrible thing. I just learned that the janitor from this house screwed every woman in it but one." "Yeh, I know," said Sarah, "that's that stuck up thing on the third floor."



A marriage-broker was trying to arrange a match between a business man and a beautiful young girl. But the business man was obdurate. "Before I buy goods from a mill I looked at snatches, and before I get married I must also have a sample," he said. "But, my God, you can't ask a virtuous, respectable girl for a thing like that," said the schadchen. "I'm a man from business," said the other "and that's the way it will be done, or not at all." The broker went off in despair to talk with the girl. "I got for you a fine feller, with lots of money," he said. "He's a business man and his rating is O. K. But he's eppis a little meshuga. He says he's a good business man, and wouldn't go into nothing blind. He must have a sample." "Listen," said the girl. "I'm so smart a business man as he is. Sample I wouldn't give him. References I'll give him!"



Four or five Jewish women were sitting on the veranda of a Jewish Golf Club, when one of them said, "Look, aint that a shame. Way over there are two fellows peeing up against the fence, vat right they got to behave so?"

Mrs. Cohen, who couldn't see very well without her lorgnette, lifts it up to her nose, and says, "that's a real chutzpa, vy, dey aint even members."



The old couple had just gone to bed. "Nu, Meyer, do something," prompted the old woman. "No," said Meyer, "no. Honest, Becky, I'm too tired to think of anyone."



Cohen and Goldberg were partners and were quite successful, when suddenly, out of a clear sky, ruin fell on them. Cohen ran about the place, tearing the hair out of his head by the handful. Goldberg, on the other hand, seemed to be more calm about it. He strutted up and down, his hands in pockets. "Bastard!" yelled Cohen. "Louse! Look how you enjoy this trouble. I'm going around tearing the hair from my head and you walk around like a sport." "Never mind, Cohen," said Goldberg, "I'm tearing my hair out too. But nobody sees me."



Mrs. Goldberg greeted her husband with tears when he arrived home aftered a hard day in the shop. "Doctor Cohen says I got tuberculosis and must die yet," she moaned. "What!" shouted Goldberg, "That loafer told a big, fat woman like you that you got T. B.? I'll run see him right away." He rushed to the doctor's office and burst in on him. "Doctor Cohen," he said, "what do you mean by telling my wife she's got tuberculosis and must die? I'm Goldberg." The physician looked him over slowly, then said, "I never told your wife that. What I said was that she's got too big a tokus and must diet."



"You're asking am I a good cook?" said the wife of a travelling man to a friend. "Why, my Abie is just crazy for the pot roast I make. In fact, when he comes home from the road that's the second thing he asks for!"



A kike sitting in a coach on a local train, looked across the aisle and saw a detective, who had with him a chap with his hands tied behind his back. The kike leans over and asks, vats the matter vid dot feller. The detective answers, Bugs. The kike didn't understand and asked him again, what is the matter vi dot feller. Nuts, Nuts, answered the detective. Still the kike didn't get it, Mister, he said, please tell me vot is the matter vid dot feller. He's crazy, was he answer. Oh, said the kike, a light dawning. No wonder, vid bugs and his nuts and his hands tied behind his back. No vonder he's crazy.



Mr. Ginsburg writes to his former friend Mr. Lazinsky as follows: Dear Sir: I wish you to be in my office tomorrow morning at ten o'clock sharp. I understand you have ben yenzing my wife. He received a letter from Lazinsky, which started as follows: Dear Mr. Ginsburg: Your circular letter received. I will be at the conference.



Do you know, Mrs. Issacson, said Mrs. Cohn, that Becky Morgenstern is engaged to be married to Izzy Braunstein from Yonkers.

I feel sorry for that young man, said Mrs. Issacson, why that Morgenstern girl has been intimate with almost every young man in Yonkers. Why should he worry, Yonkers isn't such a big place.



Beck Glickstein goes to the doctor and asks him to give her a thorough examination, saying she believes she is in a family way.

"I am sure of it, Doctor, because I feel life."

After giving her a thorough examination, the Doctor says: "Nonsense! You don't feel life. That's a bed bug in your navel."



### POOR OLD BOY

At the close of our existence  
When we've climbed life's golden stairs,  
And the chilling winds of autumn  
Kindly toss our silvered hairs,  
When we feel our manhood ebbing  
And we're up to life's last ditch,  
And we find our faithful Peter  
Soundly sleeping at the switch,  
Gosh, almighty, ain't it awful,  
Don't it make us deathly sick,  
When the hateful fact confronts us,  
That we've got a lifeless Dick.  
Ain't it sad for us to know,  
When we take him down the street,  
That he ne'er again will wrestle  
With the pussies that we meet.  
That he never again will bristle  
On a wet and windy day,  
When some maiden shows her stocking,  
In that naughty, cunning way.

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Oh, my poor old loyal King Pin,  
How my heart goes out to you,  
For I can not but remember,  
All the stunts you used to do.  
How you charmed the maids and maidens  
And the dashing widows too,  
How you had the whole bunch begging  
For a little bit of you.  
Do you think I have forgotten,  
When each charming girl you tried,  
I would never make you quit her,  
Till she sighed, I'm satisfied.  
Do you think I'll now forget you,  
Just because you are so dead,  
And because when I command you,  
You can't lift your pallid head?  
No, indeed, my valiant comrade,  
Naught shall rob you of your fame,  
Henceforth you shall be my Pisser,  
And I'll love you just the same.

#### THE BOOB

We were sitting on the sofa in the golden long ago,  
With soft pedal on the gas light chandelier,  
And the rays on her kimona, brought a sensuous sort of glow  
Of a longing, checked by verdancy and fear.  
Leaning over in the dimness, she remarked, we're all alone,  
And the chance you miss tonight you will repent,  
Then with a sigh of resignation, settled back and gave a groan  
And I've really often wondered what she meant.  
Once again, down at Tortoni's, for a little German lunch,  
While the whirl-i-gig electric buzzers fanned,  
She did something very funny, and I've often had a hunch  
She was peeved, because I didn't understand,  
For she marred the meditation of my half delightful doze  
As she murmured: "Don't forget, this isn't lent."  
Then she pressed a piece of herring underneath my nodding nose,  
And I've really often wondered what she meant.



Lord Cholmondely called his valet to him. "I'm bored this evening, he said, "Bring me a whore." His valet went on the errand and soon returned with a fairly presentable young English girl, blond-haired and blue-eyed. "Undress," said m'Lord. "Lie on that couch there." As the girl complied, he removed his waistcoat and trousers, and mounted her. He was laboring with great diligence when the lady, to let him have the thrill that went with each of her affairs, gave him a moist tongue kiss. "Here now," said the Lord, "don't get personal, or I shall jolly well stop screwing you!"



An Englishman was pacing up and down the corridor of the hospital, waiting while his wife was being confined. Suddenly the doctor emerges from the room and says, "I have to congratulate you. You are the father of a fine seven pound boy." "Oh, I say," said the Englishman, "that's ripping, doctor, ripping." The doctor disappears into the room again and after a few minutes the English-

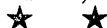
man sees a nurse run hurriedly in. Ten minutes later the doctor comes out again and says, "Sir, I have to congratulate you again. You are the father of another fine six pound boy." "Oh, my royal aunt," ejaculates the Englishman, "that's quite wonderful." A short time later the doctor again emerges, with his bag and putting on his gloves. "I say, doctor" said the new father, "would you mind doing me a favor?" "If I can," says the doctor, "certainly." "Well, just go back and have another look around. You see, my wife she's such a roomy old thing."



Standing on the curb in London was an American. He was jammed in a big crowd, who were waiting to see the King go by in a parade. All of a sudden, he hears then commence cheering and throwing their hats in the air. Rather disgusted at the fuss made over Royalty, he answers a Cockney, who is crying, The King, The Kin, Oh, f—— the King. F—— him? F—— him? Why, I say, old chap, you cantw even approach him.



An Englishman returned home suddenly one day from a meeting in the House and directed that his wife be sent to him. "Madame is in her boudoir," the butler replied. "Very well, then I'll go to her," said m'Lord. "I'm afraid, Sir, she has company," suggested the servant. True enough when the M. P. softly opened the door of his wife's bedroom he saw her, or more properly her legs, high in the air, under the vigorous stroking of her lover. The Englishman seized his hunting rifle from a rack and levelled it on the offenders. "Remember, Sir, you're a sportsman," softly whispered the butler, "Get him on the rise."



A London cabby was arrested for using abusive language to a lady passenger. The court was reproving him: "Don't you know any better than to use such language to a lady?" said the judge. "She's no lady," said the cabby. "Indeed!" said the judge. "And would you recognize a lady if you saw one?" "That I would, yer wushup," was the reply. "I had a lady fare only last week. I drives 'er from Trafalgar Square to 'er 'ouse about four mile distant and she gives me a guinea. 'Pardon, lady, yer change,' says I. But she says, 'Stick the change up yer arse.' That's what I calls a lady yer wushup."

An Englishman who used (before prohibition) to get in every morning and take his morning drink, would ask an Irishman, who was a hanger-on, to take a drink with him. He was never refused, and the Irishman would always say, "I'll take the same." The Englishman thought he would play a joke on the son of Erin, so one evening he dropped into the place and told the bartender that the next morning he would take a certain egg drink and would ask for a "Poop Cocktail." "And put a rotten egg in the Irishman's" he said.

Coming in the next morning and going up to the bar he asked for a "Poop Cocktail." "What will you have?" he asked the Irishman, who was there on deck. "I'll have the same." The bartender did as told, and when he started drinking, after one taste, the Irishman stopped and said, "Bartender, phat was it yez called this here drink?" "A 'Poop Cocktail'," answered the white-coated one. "Well, all I can say is this, ye moight have pooped in his, but I tink ye shit in moine."

It used to be the custom of an ex-prize fighter to stand on the corner of Broadway and 45th Street and address young women who went by with this question: "Do you fuck?" A friend of his remonstrated with him. "Don't you get many a slap in the face?" he asked. "Yes," the pug answered, "But you'd be surprised what a lot of fucking I get, too."



### CAN YOU BLAME HER?

Judge—And what are your grounds for divorce?

Young Bride—Harry snores.

Judge—How long have you been married?

Y. B.—Two weeks.

Judge—Granted, he shouldn't snore.



### A LOVELY PROGRAM

It was at a hop where the name of each waltz on the program was inscribed against the number, and he strolled up to her and asked for a dance or two. She handed him her card.

"May I have 'Nights of Gladness'?" he inquired, pencil in hand.

"Certainly," she replied with a far away look in her eyes. Then she glanced at her card again.

"That comes after 'A Thousand Kisses,' doesn't it?"



A lady walks into a grocery store and immediately begins to sniff. She asks the Grocer, "Is it my fancy, or do I smell Fish?"

"It must be your fancy, Madam," replied the Grocer, "We don't sell Fish."



Three traveling men whose territory was in the South were discussing the hard times that prevailed in their respective territories.

Said the first one: "I just came back from Alabama and the men there are wearing suits they had had for six or seven years and their shoes they have re-soled five and six times."

That's nothing said the second one: "I just came from Texas. Terrible hard times there and scarcity of money. All due to the terrible drought they have had. Why, there were frogs down there seven years old that don't know how to swim."

Well, said the third man: "I just came from New Orleans, and while walking down the street the other day I kicked something and picked it up and by God, it was a condom that had been vulcanized four times."



### WHY?

Why do nurses take a new born baby and lay it on its back the very first thing?

Why, to see whether its Put or Take.

## IN THE COUNTRY

A school teacher in a country district got horsy one afternoon, and making up her mind she would have a piece, determined that she would keep Big Bill Simpson, her largest scholar, in after school to accommodate her. Now Bill was an innocent country lobster, and hardly knew he was alive, and when the teacher said, "Bill Simpson, you will remain in after school to assist me in some work," he replied, "All right, ma'am."

After all the other scholars had gone on their way she got to fooling with Bill and finally said: "Let's take a walk." They went down the lane, and she raised her skirts up to her thighs in jumping mud puddles and getting over fences, but the unsophisticated Bill never took notice. Finally they reached a barn, and she said "Let's go in here." So they went in, and she climbed the ladder to the loft and he followed her. When she got up in the hay she pulled her clothes clear up to her neck and said, "Come on, Bill, let's do some-naughty." "All right," said Bill, "let's both shit in the hay."



★ *milk hell out of a couple of cows*

## THE STEREOPTICON LECTURE

Mr. Patrick O'Brien had recently purchased a worn-out stereopticon outfit and with the assistance of his friend Larry, he was giving his first public exhibition, it being at a church social. When O'Brien purchased the outfit he was given verbal instruction in regard to the lecture which accompanied the pictures, but the most of the lecture had already slipped his mind. After the usual preliminary arrangements had all been made, O'Brien stepped forward and made the following announcement:

"Ladies and gentlemen and little children;

"I take great pleasure in introducing to you our celebrated pictures which have been exhibited before all the crowned heads of Europe, Asia, Africa and parts of New Jersey. The pictures are principally taken from biblical history, and are interspersed with others taken from 'Goldsmith's Animated Nature.'

"The first picture which I shall show you represents 'Denial in the Lion's Den.' Denial not giving a damn for the Denial; you will easily distinguish Denial by the green coat he wears. Denial was a Kerry man. Wether the lions in the background bitin' the fleas have anything to do with the picture I don't know.

In the morning Nebuchadhezzar came to Denial and said; 'Look out Denial, the lions will bite you.' 'Bite me arse' said Denial, 'they have no teeth.' 'Who pulled them,' said the king. 'The Lard pulled them,' said Denial. And the king said 'Denial, hadst thou not displeased me you would not have been cast into this dark hole'. 'What hole?' said Denial. 'Arse hole' said the king, and the drinks was on Denial."

At this part of the lecture several in the audience commenced to show signs of uneasiness, and O'Brien stepped to the front of the platform and said: "Let no one leave their seats as the best part of the show is yet to come.

"Larry, turn the crank just a little more—that will do.

"The next picture, ladies and gentlemen, is Faith, Hope and Charity. Look at it boys, look at it; ain't it grand? The one on the left with the pretty face is faith, the one in the center with the big tits

*ie bargain*

is Hope, but Lard Gard, boys, look at the arse on Charity. Arrah Gorrah, boys, if I was only there.

"Let no one leave their seats.

"The next picture is taken from Goldsmith's Animated Nature, and represents the Alligator, a denizen of the Nile; he has a wide and expansive smole and it is said that he do agitate the waters when he enters the satchel of his mate.

"Larry, turn the crank just a little more.

"The next picture represents the Gorilla of the African forests who, in certain seasons of the year, seizes the female of his species and flies to the top of the trees with her, and amidst loud cries of 'a-yum-yum,' puts the blocks to her.

"Larry, turn the crank.

"Ah, this picture, ladies and gentlemen, represents the Kangaroo of Australia. It is said that he takes a leap of forty and seven feet like the devil going through Athlone, and every time he leaps he farts and everytime he farts he leaps. Long lectures have been delivered and large books have been written as to whether he leaps to fart or farts to leap."

At this part a large number of the audience manifested a desire to leave the hall, which had the effect of making O'Brien mad, so he stepped to the front of the platform and in a very severe tone and injured manner spoke as follows.

"Ladies and gentlemen, during my long career before the public, this is the first time that I have ever noticed marks of disapprobation among the audience. Let no one leave their seats, the best part of the show is yet to come.

"Larry, turn the crank, not quite so far; ah, that will do.

"This picture represents the 'Mastodon' or Mammoth, of holy writ. It is similar to the elephant of our days, only it has no hair on it,' It is said he has intercourse with the female of his species but once in a thousand years, but when he do, Lard Gard how he do enjoy himself.

"Let no one leave their seats.

"The next picture represents the Rhinoceros, which means the richest animal in the world; the words 'Rhimino is from latin and money. Oceros' a sore arse, means piles—Piles of Money."

"Larry, turn the crank.



### HOME SWEET HOME

Home scenes now present a picture,  
 Dark and gloomy as the tomb,  
 Susie's fellow has a stricture,  
 Maud has falling of the womb,  
 Billie has a chain of chancres  
 Got from brother William's wife,  
 Alice's ovaries are busted  
 And the cook has change of life.  
 Ma has painful menstruation—  
 Not a soul around home smiles.  
 What's your present occupation?  
 Cracking ice for grandpa's piles.

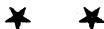
## HERE'S A CUTIE

Said the Big Brown Rooster with a strutting stride,  
 Say, old kid, I'm getting mine outside,  
 Said the little Brown Hen with a nervous twitch,  
 You've nothing on me, you Son of a B——.



## TRANSLATED BY EUGENE FIELD

With fond regrets I now remember  
 Those happy days of youthful fun  
 When all my limbs were lithe and limber,  
 Did I say all? "Yes, all but one."  
 Those happy days have gone forever  
 Those happy days of youthful fun,  
 My limbs have all grown hard and stiffer,  
 Did I say all? "Yes, all but one."



## FROM COONTOWN

Rufus Rastus Johnsing Brown,  
 What you gwine to do if I don't come round,  
 What you gwine to say, what you gwine to pay  
 I wish I used my whirling spray,  
 I've taken my fill of Tansy Tea,  
 Till I'm as sick as I can be.  
 I tell you Rufus Rastus Brown,  
 Dere's gwine to be hell if I don't come roun'.  
 O. Liza Linda Johnsing Brown,  
 Do'n tell me about you not comin roun,  
 I've nothing to say, and nothing to pay,  
 I don't know nothing bout your whirling spray.  
 You orter be sick for I'll be boun,  
 You've diddled all the niggers in this here town,  
 So Liza Linda Johnsing Brown,  
 I don't give a dam if you never come roun.



## THANK HEAVEN

Electrical appliances have superseded steam,  
 The old style sailing vessel is an antiquated dream,  
 We have our horseless vehicles, the bicycles and sich,  
 And women wear silk hosiery and never knit a stitch,  
 We've telegraph that's wireless, we talk through air and sea,  
 We play machine pianos and never touch a key,  
 The belly ache of old is called appendicitis now,  
 We've eating cheese and butter not the part of any cow,  
 We've machines to do our talk, singing, laughing, too, as well,  
 What next will be surplanted by machines is hard to tell.  
 Improvement is our motto, and what else may come to stay,  
 Thank God we'll make the babies in the same old fashioned way.



# "RAVEN"

Once upon a Midnight dreary  
 When of smoking I was weary  
 And I'd drank my pint of whisky  
 And was wishing there was more.  
 Suddenly there came a tapping,  
 Sounding like a female rapping,  
 Rapping like the very Devil,  
 Just without my chamber door.  
 'Tis some chip thought I that's wishing  
 To my room to gain admission,  
 Well I'll rise and let her enter,  
 Even if she be a whore,  
 Only this and nothing more  
 Then I opened wide the portal,  
 And there stood such a mortal,  
 As in all my wildest fancies,  
 I had never seen before.  
 She had lost her upper garments,  
 And of all seductive varminths  
 She surely was the warmest baby  
 That woman ever bore.  
 And each palpitating bubbly  
 Was so smooth and firm and chubby,  
 That my spirits rose within me,  
 As I went to close the door,  
 Just my spirits—nothing more.  
 And distinctly I remember,  
 'Twas the 14th of September,  
 'Twas the 15th when she left me,  
 When our little dream was o'er.  
 It was a dream without a sleeping,  
 With with sad reproach and weeping,  
 She showed me some red spots,  
 Made she told me by her hymen's gore.  
 Aye, the 14th of September  
 But more clearly I remember,  
 What I found upon the morning of Sept. 24.  
 Sequel to ten days before,  
 All that's left of what passed between us,  
 Is one one infected penis,  
 Drooping, sad and retrospective,  
 Pentinent and very sore.  
 And that penis never skipping,  
 Every morning, Dripping, Dripping,  
 Still is dripping, still is dripping.  
 Dripping on the bath room floor.  
 And I murmur vows forgotten,  
 Everytime I change the cotton,  
 No more rapping, no more tapping,  
 Not for Uncle — never more.

### THE REASON WHY

The dogs once held a meeting,  
 They came from far and near,  
 Some came in automobiles  
 With loud hurrah and cheers.  
 But before inside the hall,  
 They were allowed to take a look,  
 They had to take their ass-holes,  
 And hang them on a hook.  
 Then to the hall they went at once,  
 The Mother, Son and Sire  
 But hardly were they seated,  
 When some on hollered "Fire."  
 When out they ran all in a bunch,  
 They had no time to look,  
 And each one took at random,  
 An ass-hole from a hook.  
 They got their ass-holes all mixed up,  
 It made them awful sore,  
 To think they did not have the one  
 They always had before.  
 And that's the reason that you see  
 When you go down the street,  
 Each dog will stop to swap a smell  
 From every dog they meet.  
 And here's the reason that a dog  
 Will leave a nice fat bone  
 To go and smell an ass-hole  
 'Cause he hopes to find his own.



A good little girl once went to church and made the following prayer:

Holy Mother, I do believe, without sin thou didst conceive,  
 Holy Mother, thus believing, may I sin without conceiving?  
 The answer was:

Gentle maid, to thy conundrum, I say yes, but use a cundrum.  
 Shortly after she went again and prayed as follows:

Holy Mother, thee I trusted, but I conceived, the dam thing  
 busted.



### IT'S UP TO YOU, GIRLS!

Have you noticed how the women, as along the street they pass,  
 Pull their dresses tight around them, so the men can see their "arse?"  
 And the men, the foxy devils, keep their eyes cocked every minute,  
 Sizing up the nice, plump "arses," wonderin' if there's something in it.  
 Some women have fine "ares" and 'tis right well they know it,  
 And most of them seem crazy for a chance so they can show it.  
 But they tell me now false "arses" are growing in demand,  
 So 'tis hard to tell the genuine from "arses" made by hand.  
 I was walking down Monroe St., behind an "arse" quite up to date,  
 And it kept me in a trance, begad, from Market clear to State:  
 Then out she went to take a car but her foot slipped on the track,  
 And part of her "arse" got twisted and slid half way up her back.

I'm in favor of a curfew law and hope to hear it passes,  
 But there ought to be another law in regard to women's "arses;"  
 So we poor men won't be tempted, and let outside "arse" alone,  
 And attend to little "arses" that are waiting us at home.  
 All men have their own ideas of what an "arse" should be,  
 But a chunky, roly-poly "arse" is good enough for me.  
 For the slobbery "arse" and the flabby "arse" I have no use at all.  
 And the shiny, stuffed out ragged "arse" is the very worst of all.  
 But with their wigglin' and their wobblin', sure they set a fellow crazy  
 And the man who would not chase one, has paresis or is lazy.  
 So, they have me like a pump-jack when behind them I am walkin',  
 With their teeterin' and their totterin', little "arses" don't be talkin'!



A traveling man, who made the small Southern towns, had, in Amarillo, Texas, as a customer an old man about 70 years of age. He and the old man were very friendly, and on one trip there the old man told him he was going to be married to a young girl of 25. "You see," the old man said, "my children are all married and I'm kind of lonesome, and so I'm going to take this step. I don't care what people say." The salesman congratulated the old man and wished him much happiness. A few months later he made Amarillo on his regular trip and coming into the store, he looked around for the old man. "Where is your father?" he inquired of the son. "Why, didn't you know Pop is dead?" "What! Dead? That sure is too bad. When did he die?" "Oh, a month or so after he got married." "What did he die of?" "Arithmetites," answered the boy. "That's a disease I never heard of," answered the salesman. You mean appendicitis, don't you?" "No, I don't," said the boy. "I mean arithmetites. Trying to see how many times seventy would go into twenty-five."



A Swedish chambermaid, who had been all things to all traveling men, got married, and a few weeks later, meeting a friend of hers was asked, "How you like married life, Hulda?" "Oh, it bane joost fine, she said, "but it seems so funny to always bane doing it in bed midoud any shoes on."

\* \* \*

A man goes into a butcher shop and grocery store and asks for some beef hearts. "I haven't any," answered the proprietor, "but I got some beans. Take those; they'll be farts in the morning."



A chap over in France asked a little French girl if he could kiss her. "Wiz pleasure," she answered. As he kissed her he could not help seeing her lovely little breasts, and said, "Gee, I'd like to kiss your breasts." "Zat is alright wiz me," the girl said. While kissing her breasts he said, "God, I would like to kiss your sweet little belly." "Oui, ma cherie, go ahead." As he was kissing her on the last mentioned place, she broke wind, and he said: "Have patience, little ass; your turn will come soon."



Mutt meets Jeff and said: "Jeff, I'm going to the breadery." "You mean, Mutt, you're going to the bakery." "No, I don't," was the answer. "When I want bread I go to the breadery and when I want grain I go to the granery." Jeff leaves him for awhile and comes back all dolled. "Where are you going, Jeff?" asks Mutt. "Oh, I'm going to the country."

## MENU

### Blue Points

Here's to the girl with tailor-made clothes  
 High heeled shoes and open work hose;  
 A new style hat, ten inches tall,  
 And her little pee-hole pays for it all. **OH! PICKLE**

### ★ ★ SOUP

#### Chicken a la Reine

There was a man named skinner,  
 Who took his girl out to dinner;  
 At half past nine they started to dine  
 And at ten o'clock, it was her.

**THE SKINNER? NO**

### ★ ★ FISH

#### Red Snapper—Egg Sauce

Here's to the cut that never heals;  
 The more you rub it the better it feels.  
 You can rub it, you can scrub it, and pound it like hell,  
 But you can't get rid of that codfish smell.  
**OH YOU CODFISH!**

### ★ ★ ROAST

#### Turkey—Cranberry Sauce

Here's to Astor, forty and past,  
 Who lived his life and lived it fast.  
 Here's to Miss Force, not quite twenty-four,  
 Who snuggles and snuggles and cries for more;  
 And all he can do is buzz and buzz,  
 And tell what a hell-of-a-fellow he was.  
**ASTOR USES FORCE**

### ★ ★ TO THE LADY IN BLACK

Here's to the lady who dresses in black,  
 Wears a neat-fitting corset that never looks slack,  
 And when she kisses, she kisses so sweet,  
 She makes things stand that never had feet.

### ★ ★ ENTREE

#### Filet of Beef with Mushrooms

They sailed down the stream a wizen;  
 They both sat in the stern;  
 She had a hold of hisn,  
 And he had hold of hern. **OH WHISKERS**

### ★ ★ DESERT

Here's to the girl with the high-heeled shoes,  
 Who eats your dinner and drinks your booze;  
 Jollies you on and treats you right,  
 But sleeps with her mother every night.  
**STINGY THING**

## CHEESE, ICE CREAM AND BONBONS

If I had a girl that I could call mine,  
I'd paint her titties with iodine,  
And on her bellie I'd paint a sign—  
Keep off the grass, this ass is mine.

## THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

De next day was Xmas, the night it was still,  
De stockings vas hung up, expecting deir fill.  
Und noddings vas stirring at all in der house,  
For fear dot St. Nikolas vould nix komm heraus.  
Der children were tired und gone by der bed,  
Und mudder in night cap and I in bare head.  
Vas searching aroun in der closet for toys,  
Ve crept around quiet und didn't make no noise.  
Now, Mudders night gown vas all up by her face  
Und her person exposed all der vay to her vaist.  
Ven, as ve approached der crip of our boy,  
Our sweetest and youngest, our pride and our joy,  
His eyes vas vide open, he peeps through der slats,  
Und he sees everything vich his Mudder did hat.  
Und ven he did see all dem toys in her lap,  
He asks her for vat is de little fur cap  
Und his mudder says, sh, und den she laff outright,  
Und say, I guess I giff dat to your fadder tonight.



A man who visited a whorehouse was complaining to the madam: "I've had every kind of treatment here. I've been screwed, sucked, jerked, everything. I've tried every way. Haven't you got a new thrill for me?" The madam thought hard for a while, then said, "Have you tried our radio girl?" "No, what' that? Who's that?" the man asked in surprise. "Why, it's that girl over there," the madam pointed. "You take her tits, put one in each ear, and hear her coming."



A sailor who had dropped into one of those Broadway dance palaces was quite struck by one of the hostesses, and gave her a great deal of attention. As they were dancing their last dance she snuggled up to him and said, "Aren't you going to take me home?" "Is there anything in it," asked the tar, brusquely. "Just a little dust from dancing," she answered coyly.



"Can you come out with the boys tonight? "No, my sister is getting married tonight and I got to stay home and mind her baby."



Two friends, one of them the owner of a car, used to go "chip-py-cruising" every night. Invariably they picked up a couple of girls who didn't care in whose car they rode. One of the friends would mince no words. "C'mon, pick up your dress and we'll screw," was the sum and substance of his conversation. One day his friend could endure such grossness no longer. "Why are you always talking of nothing but screwing?" he remonstrated. "Girls don't like that. Make conversation, man. Tell them how beautiful they look. Talk about their clothes, about shows, books, and the

like. Don't always talks cunt." "All right," said the first, "I'll try out your system tonight, for a change." That evening they again picked up two girls and the following dialogue took place between the direct chap and his girl. "Have you seen the Chauve Souris?" he asked sweetly. "No," said the girl. "Neither have I," said the fellow. "Let's fuck!" ★ ★

A travelling man was riding through the country when his car broke down near a farm house. The farmer saw his predicament, and, as it was just past noon, invited him to dinner. He accepted. At the table one of the children broke wind. "Do you allow the children to fart before you?" asked the traveller, with a frown. "We haf no rules about it," the farmer answered. "Sometimes they fart first, sometimes I do." ★ ★

"What's that, mam'selle?" the little boy questioned his governess, as he pointed at the penis of the elephant. The zoo's elephant was busy pissing. "You mean ze trunk?" asked the lady. "No," said the boy, that thing danging down in the middle." "Oh, you mean ze tail," the lady said. "No, no, that that thing there," the child insisted, pointing straight at it. "Oh, zat, zat is nothing," said the governess. A Frenchman who was standing nearby tipped his hat. "Mam'selle is blase," he said, lifting his eyebrows. ★ ★

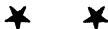
"I think I'm married to a rabbit," complained a woman in North Dakota to her lawyer. "He no sooner mounts me than he shoots his load and is through. I can get no satisfaction out of him, and I want a divorce." Before the lawyer took the case he desired to look up the law on the subject, so he asked the woman to return the next day and he would advise her. When she came in he said: "Madam, I have carefully looked up the law in your case, and am sorry to say there's nothing you can do about it. In this state, when the man is through, the woman is fucked." ★ ★

Willie caught a squirrel and brought it to school. But the nervous little beast escaped him, and ran frantically about the room looking for a place of escape. It found nothing better than the dark recesses under the skirt of the teacher. "Willie, Willie," she shrieked in terror, "Get it out, get it out!" "Oh, don't worry teacher, teacher. When he finds out there's no nuts up there, he'll come out all right." ★ ★

The girl's father came into the parlor and found a young man there. "What are you doing here?" he asked sternly. "I'm going to marry your daughter," the youth said. "What! A bum like you? Never!" The youth seized him by the nose and twisted it. "I will marry your daughter," he said. The old man snuffed once or twice, then said with determination: "You'll have to. Sit down." ★ ★

"Id like very much to get in the chorus," a young girl said to the director. "I'd like to get you in," he replied. "But you're not developed enough." Yielding at last, however, to her tears and pleading, he said, "Go down to the property man and tell him to give you a false bust." In a little while she reappeared, with a

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pair of enormous breasts on. "Good Christ!" the director ejaculated. "That damn fool didn't give you a bust. That's Falstaff's ass you've got on."

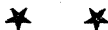


A city doctor and a country doctor once exchanged offices, the city doctor yearning for a rest, the country doctor seeking further experience. The country doctor's practice was small, although his town was near the site of the summer camp a large department store maintains for its women employees. The two doctors met in September to exchange experiences. "I guess you haven't had much to do in my district," the country doctor said. "Indeed I have," said the city doctor. "You'd be surprised how many carrots and cucumbers I've had to extract from the vaginas of those city girls at the camp."

Paul Bunyan



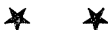
A young student was undressing in his bedroom, when he discovered, you may imagine with what joy, that a girl just across the alley was also undressing. They reached a state of nudity together, and then she noticed him. He motioned her to join him, but she shook her head. The young man raised his window a trifle, and she hers. "Come on over," he whispered. "How?" the girl asked. "Walk over on this," the youth said, laying his stiff prick on the sill. "Yes," said the cautious girl, "But how'll I get back?"



One of the most popular of the many Lincoln stories is concerned with the visit to the Emancipator of a man named Bates, who brought his family. Permit me, Mr. President," he began, "to introduce my wife, Mrs. Bates, and my daughter, Miss Bates. My young son, Master Bates." "Make him stop it, "Make him stop it, said Lincoln. "It's a bad habit."



Mable, and Jack came in late one Saturday night from "Tex's." They had had a little tiff" early in the evening, and its effect still lingered. Jack was good-humored, and had not taken the disagreement seriously. Mable, however, still persisted in remaining cold. Getting far over on her side of the bed, she settled herself at once for sleep. Jack, as was his custom, adjusted his lamp and began his bed-time reading. He had been reading quietly for some time when she felt his hand on her belly, then on her hip, then on her groin. But when his fingers were dangerously near her placket she turned on him suddenly and glared angrily. "Oh, don't worry, heart's delight. I was only going to wet my finger to turn the page."



The twins were having a bath and both parents watched, fondly. Suddenly Mary began to cry. "Mamma," I want one of those things that's hanging from Bobby," pointing to his little pecker. . . "Quiet, now, quiet," mother said. "If you're a good little girl you'll get one of them." And if you're a bad little girl," said father "you'll get a lot of them."

The waitress leaned over the table and asked the diners what they would like for dessert. One ordered one dessert, another something else. "I'll take raisin pie," said Jones. "And you?" asked the waitress, leaning over the table to the last one. He caught one glimpse of her well-developed, white breasts, and said, "Mine's raisin' too."



One of Ford's stockholders had a dream one night in which Henry presented himself at the gates of Heaven and St. Peter asked him why he sought admission. "Because I produced a machine," said Ford, which gave great pleasure to most human beings." A loud fart from within the gates greeted this statement. Ford looked up in anger and asked who had saluted him thus. "Me," said a voice, "Adam. I'm the guy that invented the machine that gives the greatest pleasure to the saps down below. I invented woman." "Well, maybe you're right," said the deceased Detroitter, in his dream, "But you certainly know nothing about mechanical principles. For one thing you put the exhaust too near the intake!"



Si came to New York armed with an address which a travelling man had given him and the admonition to 'ask for Singer and say Jack sent you.' Everything went well, and Si spent a delirious night. Next day he was walking down lower Broadway, when to his surprise he saw the magazine name Singer on a store window, with some sewing machines on exhibition. "Jack sent me," beamed Si as he entered. The girl smiled at him and said, "Would you like one?" "You bet, How much?" asked Si. "Well, some are eighty dollars, some sixty-five, and the cheapest are fifty." "Go on," objected Si, "what are you trying to do. I got one last night for twenty dollars." "Oh," said the girl, "that's the kind you screw on a table." "No, ma'am," insisted Si, "I screwed this one in bed!"



Every Sunday morning when the auld folks had gone to the kirk Annie would be visited by her lover, Jock, and they would sieze the service hours as opportunity for screwing. One bright Sabbath day Jock arrived just after the auld folks had departed, and whistling a bonnie air leaped up the steps three at a time to Annie's bedroom. The lass was removing her waist when Jock bust in, puffing the final bars of Annie Laurie. His sweetheart gave him a disapproving look. Jock apparently didn't notice this, for, putting his arms around Annie he began another tune. The lass tore herself from his arms and began to redress. "Why, what is it, Annie?" asked Jock. "Have I done aught to offend ye?" "Stop it, stop it," said the girl. "Ye were whistlin' an' I will no fornicate wi' a man who whistles on the Sabbath!"



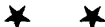
Two fellows who hadn't seen each other in some time met one day and one asked the other what he was doing. "Oh, me, I'm a lion tamer," he said. "What do you mean, a lion tamer?" chaffed the other. "Well, you see," said the friend, "I go into the lion's cage with a whip, and when I swing it to the right, the lion rolls over on his right side, and when I swing it to the left, he rolls over on his left side." "Suppose you whip it straight down in front?" asked



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the other? "Gosh, you don't do that, because then the lion leaps right at you!" "What do you do in a case like that?" "Why then, the only thing to do is to put your hand down inside your trousers, grab a lump of shit and fling it in his face." "Huh! Where will you get the shit?" "Don't worry, it'll be there, it'll be there."



A whore, travelling for her health, stopped at a little town in the west. Her calling soon became known, and she was receiving visits from the men of the town, young and old, married and single. So keen was the ardor of her admirers that they visited her again and again. In fact she had completely demoralized the town. Finally the elders of the church met and determined to put a stop to the young woman's operation by forcing her out of town. The chief of police was on his vacation, the mayor would not act in the matter, and so it devolved on the elders. A committee of three called on the girl. "We must approach her gently," said the deacon, "and persuade her to leave without a scandal." But when they got to her house he again said, "Let us not alarm her by a show of force. You gentlemen wait down here and I'll go up and speak to her." . . . Which was done. But the moments turned into minutes, and then an hour, and still the deacon had not come down. The two who waited for him began to grumble. One was a butcher, the other a clothing merchant, and they both had business to attend, without waiting for the deacon. They discussed it between them and the butcher left, the other deciding to wait. After another half-hour down came the deacon. "There is nothing for us to do here," he said shaking his head, "This young woman has been grossly maligned. In the short talk I had with her I found her to be, not a bawd, but a most cultured girl. We have no right to force her to leave town." "All right," said the other wearily, "if that is your opinion, button your pants and let's go."



A farmer once wrote to Sears Roebuck & Company to ask for the price of toilet paper. He received an answer directing him to look on page 507 of their catalogue. "If I had your catalogue," he wrote back, "would I ask you for the price of toilet paper?"



A young man was playing with his sweetheart and tried to slip his hand under her skirts. "Please don't," she said. "My Mother made me promise never to let a fellow put his hand under her skirts. But if you'll put your hand down my back, it's the second hole you come to!"



Mrs. Malone and her husband were always quarreling. It got on the nerves not only of themselves, but of the neighbors. One of these finally expostulated with Mrs. Malone. "Trate the man nice," she said. "Whin he comes home bring him his slippers, light his pipe fer him, wear a niglijay and sit on his lap. Make the ould man comfy." Mrs. Malone determined to try it. So that evening when Pat came hime he was greeted like a lover by his mistress. Mrs. Malone had turned the light low, and was in a transparent flimsy. She threw her arms about his neck and kissed him lusciously. Leading

him to a soft chair she brought his slippers, filled his pipe and lit it for him. Then she cuddled up on his lap and began to fondle him. "Let's go to bed, dearie?" she whispered sweetly. "We might as well," said Pat. "I'll get hell when I get home anyway."



A chap who had his girl out for a ride in his Ford, stopped for a moment to get a package of cigarettes, but left the engine running. The gentle vibration of the machine set up a sympathetic trembling in the young woman. When her beau came out she called to him passionately, "K-k-iss m-me! Charlie, I'm coming."



Walters was very fond of his daughter, who was very pretty and just turning five years old, so, while his wife was away, he gave a bachelor party to some of his cronies, in order that they might see who smart his young offspring was. It must be admitted, however, that most of his cronies came, not to see the daughter, but the pretty governess. They wondered why the Missus had left the slow, old Walters alone with the governess, who was quite "easy" to look upon. If their curiosity had been great, their envy as greater when they gave the governess the once over. She was a "pip." When she came in with the child it ran to one of the guests and started prattling. "Me slept with Daddy last night," she said. "That's hot right," said the governess. "You mean, 'I slept with Daddy.'" Then a faint dash of color came to her cheeks, and the cronies wondered, as they went home, whether Walters was really as slow as they took him to be.



"I had a funny dream last night," said a woman to her husband. "I dreamt that I was in a huge auction room and they were auctioning off cocks. John Barrymore's brought five thousand dollars. Lou Tellegen's brought the same. Lowell Sherman's brought two thousand and so on, down the line." "Is that so?" her husband asked, "what did cocks like mine bring?" Oh, they were sold in lots, at a dollar a lot." "Well, I had a dream last night, too," said the man. "But I dreamed of cunts. They were auctioning them off in a huge place too, and Cleopatra's brought fifteen thousand dollars. That of Helen of Troy went for thirteen thousand. That of Follies' girls brought a thousand apiece and so on, down the line." "What did cunts like mine bring?" he wife demanded. "Oh," said her husband, "that's where they held the auction."



Jack had only had his cozy, new car a few days when he drove into his garage and ordered that it be re-decorated, and the word "Mayflower" painted, in elaborate letters, on both sides of the hood. "Don't be crazy," said his friend, who prided himself on the soundness of his feeling for the fitness of things, especially in respect to automobiles. "That's a brand-new Buick, what you want to paint it up like a boat for?" "Well, Bill tell you. I simply got to commemorate. Last night a puritan came across in it."



An old rake, determined to marry an innocent girl, went to a convent to select the choice of his heart. He found there an ad-

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mirable young woman whom he readily persuaded to come with him. He took her about the city, to show her the sights, and immediately after the marriage ceremony, accompanied him to his hotel. As they sat in the lobby a number of beautiful women, unescorted, passed before them. "Why are those women alone?" asked the girl. "And how is it they are dressed so much better than I am?" "Why those are fast women," said the rake. "What's a fast woman?" asked the girl. Pleased, the rake told his young bride that a fast woman was one who received fifty or a hundred dollars a night for sleeping with a man. "They get all that money?" the girl queried, amazed. "Why, the priests only gave us an apple."



A henpecked husband begged off one evening to go to a stag party. There would be only men there, he pleaded, so his wife needn't be jealous. But to his horror, when he arrived he found four naked women dancing. He called up his wife immediately. "Unintentionally, dearest, I told you a lie," he said. "I thought there would be only men here, but now naked girls are dancing about. What shall I do?" "If you think you can do anything, come right home," said his wife.



"It's been a very bad season, hasn't it?" said one actor to another. "Yep. Outside the Friars' Club they're picking up condoms with patches and laundry marks on 'em."

*John Barrymore*



A distinguished Shakespearean actor and an eminent English critic were at lunch together in a London club, when the conversation, as was natural, turned to the Bard of Avon. "Tell me," asked the critic of the actor, "is it your opinion that Shakespeare intended us to understand that Hamlet screwed Ophelia?" "I don't know what Shakespeare intended," said the tragedian. "Anyway, I always do."



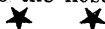
They were celebrating their golden wedding anniversary and the old man, in a brave and debonair moment decided he would give his wife a lasting proof of his affection. When they were alone at last, and in bed, he intimated to her that he would again attempt to satisfy her, with somewhat the vigor of his youth. As she lay before him invitingly, more or less, he attempted to induce an erection. In vain he thought of Jessie Reed, Eva Brady, and other passion-provoking Follies beauties. In vain he manipulated his withered organ. He might be interested, but the man below was not. At last he shook his head sorrowfully and said, "Fifty years ago, Becky, you was ashamed. Tonight, I'm ashamed."



The waitress in a one-armed beanery determined to have some fun with a patron whose custom it was to study the menu carefully every day, and then order ham and eggs. So one day she drew a line through his favorite dish, and when he pored over the card she said to him "Did you notice, sir, I scratched something you like?" Without looking up the customer replied, "Go wash your hands and bring me some ham and eggs."

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All the dinner guests were assembled, having given up expecting Dr. Blank, a well known surgeon, who was late, to say the least. However, he arrived at just that moment, breathless. Making his apologies to the hostess he explained that he had been hurriedly summoned to the hospital to perform an operation. Instantly the guests were eager to learn what the operation was, et cetera, et cetera. But the surgeon said the subject was a delicate one, what with the presence of so many ladies. This objection was quickly over-ruled by the ladies themselves, who pointed out that since all present were married folk there should be no undue modesty. "Well, then" said the doctor, "we cut through the penis of the patient, who was suffering from . . . " "Pardon me," interrupted the hostess, "did you have to saw through the bone?" As one person the assembled company rose and bowed elaborately to the host!



A man accompanied a whore to her flat one night, and as she slipped into bed he asked her how much she charged. "Five dollars," she said. "Well," said the man, "if you'll keep both hands on the cheeks of my arse while I'm fucking you, all the time, mind you, I'll give you two dollars extra." Wondering at this vagary, the whore complied. Finished the man pulled up his trousers and prepared to pay her. "Would you mind telling me," said the woman, "just what thrill you get out of my holding my hands that way." "I don't get any thrill," said the man, as he drew out a hugh roll of bills, "I get safety. For two bucks I know your hands are on my arse, not in my pockets."



The Owl Drug Store in San Francisco have a system by which any customer dissatisfied with his purchase may exchange it. Recently a negress came into one of the stores and asked for Mr. Owl. The manager, not wishing to embarrass her, said that "Mr. Owl" was out to lunch, couldn't he, the manager, do something. "Yes," said the colored girl. "Your sign says you changes anything if the customer ain't satisfied. Well I ain't, and I want you to change this whirlin' douche spray I bought last year for a couple of bottles of Mellin's baby food!"

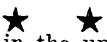


The pastor of the Baptist church in a little Indiana town was speaking a few words on proper conduct to the Sunday school. "Now, children, before I close the lesson, I want to ask you a few questions on the things I have been talking about. Willie," he said to a model little boy in the front row, "tell me, do you know where little boys and girls go when they do bad things?" "Sure," piped up the town terror, whose name also was Willie, and who had for the first time been lured into the church. "Back of the churchyard."

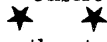


It was a foggy morning, and the fishing smacks off Gloucester nosed their way out of the harbor. Suddenly a sailor in one hailed another: "Hello, John, I have news for ye." "What is it?" "Wife had a baby, a boy." "What'd he weigh?" the other voice called. "Four pounds," came the reply, thru the fog. "Hell, you hardly got your bait back!"

A beautiful brunette was delivered of a fine-looking baby in a maternity hospital, only,—the infant had red hair. "Ah," said the doctor, smiling, "father red-headed?" "I don't know," said the brunette. "He kept his hat on."



From his vantage point in the upper berth the travelling man was watching a lady in the berth below prepare for rest. First she unscrewed a pair of false breasts. Then she removed a wig. Next she unscrewed a false eye, and was in the midst of unscrewing an artificial limb when she spied the peeper. "What are you looking at?" she shrilled. "What do you want?" "You know damn well what I want," was the reply. "Unscrew it and throw it up here."



Two married men met on the street. One, a timorous fellow, said to the other, "Do you cheat?" "Sure," was the reply. The shy one looked at his friend with envy. "Don't your conscience bother you," he asked. "Yes, for nine days. After that if everything is all right . . . ."



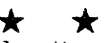
After having been stared at for some five minutes, the pretty young woman went up to the fresh man and said, "What are you looking at me like that for?" "Well, Miss," said he "if I had a cock eye you'd be the mother of four children by now."



A notorious whore suddenly got religion and became a Salvation Army convert. At an experience meeting she was relating the details of her conversion, while her former crony sat in the auditorium and listened. "Before I saw the light," said the glorified whore, "I layed in the arms of many men. I layed in the arms of sailors, soldiers, civilians, doctors, merchants, lawyers. But now, my friends, that I have lain in the arm of Jesus . . ." "That's right, kid," her friend interrupted. "Fuck 'em all!"



The train came to a halt with a sudden jar. Two men sprang into the aisles, one tall man, the other short. Both brandished guns. "Hands up everybody," yelled the tall man. "You men line up on this side, women on the other. Now we ain't going to hurt nobody that behaves. Gents, shell out your dough and jewelry. All the men are going to be robbed and then we'll fuck all the women." "Easy now, easy," protested the smaller robber, "never mind that last. We'll just cop the dough and beat it." "You mind your own business," spoke up an old maid. "Who's robbing this train, I'd like to know."



Senator Hoare of Massachusetts was one day delivering a long speech against a certain bill for which Senator Roscoe Conkling stood sponsor. As he outlined his points against the bill Senator Hoare kept first his right hand, and then his left in his trousers' pockets. Senator Conkling, who was a noted wit, rose to remark that "the Senator from Massachusetts seems to be leaving no stone unturned to prevent the passage of his bill."

The judge looked down on the prisoner with a fierce frown. The man had committed a heinous crime. He had been caught in the act of screwing his wife, who had been dead several hours. "Before I pronounce sentence on you," the judge said, "will you tell me, for my own information, what prompted you to do this deed?" "Honest Judge," said the defendant, "I didn't know she was dead. She's been like that for the last twelve years."



A swell girl was one day picked up by a certain handsome actor, who accompanied her to her apartment. There, with scant formality, she undressed and the actor screwed her. When they were dressing again, he said to her, as a matter of courtesy, "Isn't there anything I can do for you? Do you need some money?" "Why, no," said the girl. "When I like a man I don't take money from him. But, if you have a pocket knife you might leave me that as a souvenir." The actor gladly gave her his knife. She tossed it into a drawer which he noticed was almost filled with knives of all descriptions. "That's a strange passion," said the actor. "Would you mind telling me why you collect, knives, of all things." "Well, you know," said the girl, "right now I'm young and not bad to look at. But I'm providing for the future. When I get old and none of my friends will want to give me a tumble I'll still have these knives. And you know what a boy'll do for a penknife."



A couple of young girls stopped in front of a fruit stand and asked the Italian how much the bananas cost. "Fi' cents each, three for ten," he said. "Dear, ain't they?" commented one. "Oh, well, 'sall right, give us three. We can always eat the other one."



An American who was attending a banquet in a London house given by Lady Brighton, felt quite embarrassed when the lady broke wind. One of the Englishmen rose immediately, said, "I beg your pardon," and sat down again. Once more the lady farted and another English guest rose and apologized. "What's the idea?" asked the American of his neighbor. "Why don't you know? That's the gentlemanly thing to do," said the other. Again her ladyship let go, but this time the American rose, restraining another Englishman who was about to get up. "I beg your pardon, sir," he said, "but this one is no me."



Seeing how successful Nick, his Greek friend, was with *Say it With Flowers*, Tony who had a fruit stand, adapted it to the trenchant *Do it With Bananas*.



Teacher had asked her pupils to make rhyming verses of two lines each. Many elegant specimens were submitted, until little Johnny rose and offered:

"May Jane McKane, of Boston, Mass.

Went into the water up to her ankle."

"Why that doesn't rhyme," said the teacher. "It will," said Johnny, "when the tides comes in."

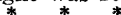
Pat was excessively profane over the telephone and the girls had made many complaints against him. One day, exasperated over a succession of wrong numbers, he began to cuss out the girl. "Stop that," she said, "or I'll have to have your phone removed." "Oh, stick it up your ass," said Pat. Next day two men came from the company, and were about to take away the instrument, when Pat asked if he could square matters by apologizing to the girl. They said he could, and he took down the receiver. "Girlie," he said, "I'm sorry. You know what I said yesterday, you could stick the phone up your ass?" "Yes," said she icily. "Well," floundered Pat, "There's two men to take it out."

"How did you get that black eye?" "I was calling on a gal last night, and we were in her parlor dancing, while the victrola was playing, and her old man came in, and the bastard is deaf."

A diner in the Hunting Room at the Astor who had need to go to the lavatory, was greatly disturbed to discover therein a man in evening dress, masturbating himself with great vigor. "Here, here," he expostulated, "what are you doing, man!" "Don't interrupt me," said the other, "I'm a Christian Scientist, and I'm screwing a girl in Toledo."



A gentleman from Idaho was in Paris and didn't want to make himself too conspicuous. So he asked a cabby to give him the address of a good whore-house. He went there by himself, quietly, asked for a private room, and, after selecting his partner, ordered dinner with lots of wine. After the man entertained himself in various ways with his playmate, who taught him positions of which even Elephantis, Aretino and Louisa Sigea were ignorant. Thoroughly drained, the gentleman from Idaho went downstairs, where he asked the madam what his bill was. "There is no charge," said the lady of the house. Astonished, but not disposed to argue the matter, her guest left. All next day he hugged his secret to himself. He could barely wait till dinner time before he again presented himself before the bands. Again he went thorough his performance, but this time, when he made a bluff at paying the piper he was informed the charges were seven hundred francs. "What!" he shrieked. "Wasn't I here last evening, and didn't I go through every kind of screw, and you didn't charge me a sou?" "Mais oui, said the madam, "but last night was for the movies."



Several scientists were discussing prostitution, the customs esoteric and indigenous to its pursuit. Said one: "It must be exceedingly dissatisfying to a person of intelligence to observe the simulation of passion which a hardened prostitute offers to her patron. I have often wondered whether there might not be some autoerotic means of inducing a real passion with each customer." The college janitor, who was standing nearby interrupted: "You mean you want to know how to get a whore hot?" "Yes," said the professor. "To get a whore hot, real hot," said the janitor, "Fuck her and don't pay her!"



In France a condom is known as capote Anglaise, or "English cap." A gentleman once went into a French shop, intending to purchase a dark cap, to wear in mourning for his wife, who recently died. He knew the French word for cap was capote, so he asked

for that. Several were shown him, but he wanted one English style, so he asked for a capote Anglaise. The clerk sent him to the drug department, where he repeated his request to the lady clerk. She arched her brows and asked him what color he wanted. "My wife has just died," he answered, "so I want a black one." "Such delicacy!" said the clerk.



The president of a large life insurance company was speaking at a company dinner. He had been speaking over two hours, and it was near midnight. Yet none of his employees had dared leave the room. There was a long list of speakers to follow, and these impatiently waited for the president to stop speaking. But he just rambled on, saying nothing at great length. Finally, however, he sat down, after introducing the next speaker, a visiting English insurance man. The latter rose and said: "The hour has grown so late, gentlemen, that I will not deliver my speech, but will instead tell you a little story: A wee bird was flying about one day, when it suddenly began to rain. The down-pour drenched the bird and it fell to earth, where the rain beat on it ceaselessly. Finally, towards noon the sun came out and warmed the little bird, so that it beat its wings and fluttered about. A horse passed by and dropped some breakfast for the wee bird, and it ate, and it ate till it could eat no more. Then straight into the air flew the wee bird, and, in good spirits, began to chirp. And it chirped and it chirped till a hawk, flying high in the sky, heard it, and swooping down on the little bird, gobbled it up. "And the moral of this little story," concluded the Englishman, to the president's discomfiture, "is, that when you're full of horse-shit, don't chirp too much!"



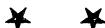
A couple of bookmakers, standing in front of the Hotel Astor turned to look after a "Follies" girl who passed. "Gee," said one, "I feel like screwing that dame again." "What?" said the other, "you mean to tell me you screwed that swell dame?" "No," was the answer, "but once before I felt like it."



Jones brought home a parrot which he said he had bought at auction, and which was supposed to be a wonderful bird. But for over two months neither Jones nor his wife, who had at first objected to Polly, could make the pet talk. They tried everything from "Polly wants a cracker," to "Hello, Polly, pretty Polly" but with no results. They concluded the bird was deaf and dumb. One afternoon, while the head of the house was in his office Mrs. Jones invited the ladies of the sewing circle to her home. One of them interrupted the gossip to state that she had secured a fine pair of hose at Gimbles, and lifted her skirt to show them. Another showed a marvelous corset she had purchased at Bests. A third showed a neat silk petticoat. Mrs. Jones lifted her skirt and said: "Look at these wonderful bloomers, all silk, that I bought at Altmans." The parrot, who had cocked his head from one to the other of the ladies now chirped up: "Ah, home at last. One of you whores give me a cigarette."



On a lonely road, far from any town, the traveller's car suddenly stopped dead. A quick examination showed him there was no gasoline left in the tank. Night had fallen and he made his way towards a light in a house some distance away. A knock on the door brought a beautiful woman in answer. "Pardon me, madam," said the tourist, "but my car has broken down. I wonder if you couldn't put me up for the night here?" "Well," said the lady, "I'm all alone, but I guess I'll take a chance." And she escorted him to a neat little room on the next floor. As he prepared himself for bed the motorist couldn't help thinking how much more pleasant it would be if the young woman would come into bed with him. It would be a beastly way to repay her hospitality, he thought, to make any advances, but he could not keep from thinking of her beautiful form, neatly outlined in the flimsy wrapper she wore. Finally, with a sigh, he crawled into bed. But he could not sleep. He found himself still thinking of the fair and lonely lady. Gradually the sheets assumed the form of a tent above him. There was a sudden, soft tap at his door. "Come in," he shouted, glee in his voice. A smiling face showed itself in the doorway, a golden, smiling, warm, inviting countenance. "Would you like company?" the young lady said, sweetly, softly. "Would I?" the guest shouted, "You just bet your life I would." "That's fine," the lady replied. "You see another gentleman whose car broke down is at the door and wants me to put him up."



A New Yorker once boasted that a friend of his was endowed with a wonderful sense of smell. Just one sniff at an object, in the dark, and he could tell what it was. So it was decided that his powers be put to the test and an assortment of twigs was brought to a room, in which was the wizard, blindfolded. One of the twigs was held under his nose for an instant. "Pine," said the man with the keen sense of smell. Another twig he guessed to be birch, another oak, another hickory and so on, all correctly. One of the invited company, further to test the powers of this gifted nose then held under it his middle finger, which had just come from an exploration of a maid's private parts. "Hollywood," the wizard guessed.



Mrs. Leech, the proprietor of a large whore-house in Chicago, needed a loan of three thousand dollars. She desired to make some improvements on her already elaborate establishment, improvements which were to contribute to the convenience and comfort of her guests since they were necessary to greater efficiency and higher profits. But when she approached her banker for the money he hesitated. Whereupon she delivered an harangue to the effect that he knew as well as she that her credit was as good as that of anybody he had on his books, and that just because she employed all female labor was no reason why her money—et cetera, et cetera. Her tongue won the day, and the banker asked her on what terms she would make re-payment. "I'll pay you the first thousand at the end of thirty days, the second thousand at the end of sixty, and the third thousand at the end of ninety." "That's all right, Mrs. Leech. But I thought you needed the money longer. As long as we are grant-

ing the loan we can give you more time. Only don't pledge yourself to what you may not be able to do." "Sure I can do it. Don't we have the Elks' convention in three weeks, the Odd Fellows' next month, and the Shriners' the month after?" So the loan was arranged, and madame made her repairs. But at the end of thirty days she came in with the entire three thousand dollars. "Why, Mrs. Leech," said the banker, "You have time. How does it happen that you bring it all in so soon?" "You know, Billy, I plum forgot this was the month of the Eucharistic congress."



One of those benign lady settlement workers stopped a hard-looking youngster and asked where his father was. "Ain't got no father," said the kid. "And your mother?" "Aint got no matter." "Ah, too bad. When did she pass away?" "I never had no mother." "Then how were you born?" the lady settlement worker asked in dulcet tones. "Some damn guerilla knocked up my aunt!"



The following titles are suggested as collateral reading of especially pertinent significance to American students:

The Great Rubber Failure  
A Girl's Anxiety

Iva Child  
R. U. Cumming

(Also attributed to Mr. Period)

Shepherd's Delight  
The Shiek's Demand  
Hubby's Delight  
At the Twelfth Time  
The Contented Wife  
The Dawn of Love  
The Easiest Way  
The Hungry Lover  
The Optional Route  
Limitation of Offspring  
The Happy Honeymoon

A. Ramsbottom  
Musthapaa Boy  
Mike Hunt  
John Henry Bent  
John Thomas Everhard  
Holden Hizzcock  
Eileen Back  
E. Nawder Titsoff  
R. Sole  
Dr. Kutcha Kockoff  
Maud Fitzgerald and  
Gerald Fitzmaud



A large Westerner, who, troubled by a horny feeling which he had no immediate prospect of relieving, went to a pharmacist to get something for it, in the way of a bromide. He was somewhat embarrassed when he found a woman in attendance. "Pardon me," he said, "but I'd like to see the boss." "Why, I'm the boss," said the woman. "Well then, a-er, man clerk," said the Westerner. "We haven't any," the owner replied, "you tell me what you want. I won't be embarrassed." "Well," said the stranger, "I've got an awful hard on. What can you give me for it?" "Just a minute," said the woman, and went to the back of the drug store. In a few minutes she returned. "I've just been talking to my sister, who makes up the prescriptions, and who is my partner in this store," she said, "and the best we can give you is the store and two hundred dollars."



### NIGGER STUFF

Visiting the negro quarter of Chicago, a travelling man accosted a neat looking wench and asked her what she charged. "My charges,"

said the girl, "is one dollar, and two, or five dollars." "Why the different prices?" The horny stranger asked. "Well," said the negress, "for one dollar you gets a straight fuck. For five dollars, ah makes a perfect fool of mahself." *just hang on!*

Mandy:—Ah'd like a little vacation, Missus. Ah wants to go home and see mah chillun.

Mistress:—Well, Mandy, I didn't know you were married.

Mandy:—Ah ain't, Missus. But ah ain't been neglected.

A colored lady came into Gimble's Department Store the other day and asked for a pair of drawers. "How do you want them to button?" the clerk asked, "Front or side?" "Doan make no difference," the negress replied, "these yere is fer a corpse."

A darky entered a drug-store jubilantly. "Boss," he said "ah's gettin' married tonight. Gimme ten cents worf ob vaseline. Next day he came in, contritely. "Pahdon me, boss," he hesitated, "But could you all change that vaseline fo' me to alum?"

Before the races Alexander took his girl around to the stables to look over the horses to see if they couldn't pick a winner. The first stall they looked into was that of a young stallion with a good record. The beast was in fine fettle, evidently, the way he was waving the distinguished mark of his horsehood. Pearl considered it a while with sufficient interest. Then drawing her coon away, she said, "Don't bet on him, Alec. Dat hoss dere ain't gonna win. He ain't got his mind on his business.

### "GOOD-BY, PARSON."

Because of a disagreement with the Ladies' Aid Society, Reverend Johnston, of the African Methodist Church, had been asked to resign.

His Farewell address was, in part, as follows:—

Brethern and Sisters: I received your request for my resignation, which I accept and I shall leave you all with no regrets whatever. I shall not say goodby, nor shall I say farewell, because those words do not express my feelings. Neither shall I say "au revoir," but I simply want to call the attention of each and every niggah here' to the small bunch of Mistletoe pinned to my coat tail, as I passed down the aisle.

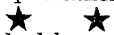
AMEN.

Liza was large, and colored, and took in washing. One of her numerous beaus one day asked her: "How come you got such big hands, Lize?" "Why man," Liza replied, "when I was a chile I used to make mud pies, and the mud squashed out my hands like that." "Well, then, how come you got such big feet?" her swain enquired. "Why that was from walkin' barefoot in the mud," Liza answered. Her sweetie smiled, and asked: "Sister, did you ever sit in the mud?"

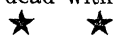
A lady traveling with her little boy on a sleeper had a lower berth and the little boy an upper berth opposite her. She cautioned him, in case he had get up in the night and go to the toilet, not to disturb any one, if possible. In the night, the little fellow had to get up and before climbing back in his upper berth, he parted the curtains of his mother's berth and spoke to her. He told her that in getting down from his upper, he stepped on a man's back. "Did he say anything?" asked the mother. "No," replied the lad, "but a woman's voice said 'Oh, Boy.'"



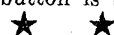
Two men were walking along the street and suddenly saw a very bow legged man coming along. One turns to the other and says, I suppose you would say, that chap was bow legged. Yes, he said, I would. What do you think Shakespeare would have said in his time if he had seen him. I don't know, answered the other, what would he have said. What Ho, what strange individuals are these, who come with their balls in parentheses.



An old chorus girl, who had been a beauty in her day, but who had dissipation lost her looks and shape and was old and fat, went to a friend of her's who was a Doctor and told him she wanted to commit suicide, and what was the best way. He told her the easiest was to shoot herself through the heart. Right where the nipple is. The next day she was found dead with a hole in her knee.



A chap takes a girl home and stays a long time in the vestibule. Coming down and jumping into the Taxi, he suddenly tells the Taxi driver, for God's sake drive to a doctor. I am all bent double and can't straighten up. Coming into the doctor's office, he tells the doctor what the trouble is and the doctor says, no wonder, you can't straighten up. Your pants button is buttoned to your vest.



A girl looks into a fellow's eyes and says, God, dear I can see the love light in your eyes. Hell, No, kid, he answers, that's the tail light you see.



A little Kike meets a girl on the train going to California. He had the upper berth and she the lower under him. He invited her to dinner and they get pretty chummy and he says to her. Say girlie, how about it to-night. I'd like to get into your berth with you. It would be O. K. with me, she says, only I have my monthlies and so there's nothing doing. He goes to bed and after he is in his upper he hears a rapping from below. What do you want? he asks. Come down here and chew the rag a while, she says. Say he says, what do you think I am, a blood hound?



Mandy Lee meets her friend Liza and says, Chile, de odder night I was out wid de honesest Nigger I ebber saw. He said to me, Mandy, just let me put him in 2 inches, dats all, I promise you, no moh and you know, Liza, dats all he did. De next night I done go out wid him again and he said, Mandy, let me put him in just four inches, I promise, no moh, and dats all he did. He sure was a honest Niggah. And the third time, night foh last, I was out wid him agin

and he says, Mandy, done let me put him in just six inch, I promises you, no moh and sure nuff dats all dat niggah did. Look, yeah, Mandy Lee said Liza, de fust thing you know, dats Niggah's gwine to screw you.



A colored fellow came home somewhat earlier than he usually did and coming into the house, sniffed and said, where dat cigarette smoke I dun smell come from? And his wench answered, I dun try to smoke one of dem new fangled cigarettes. And how come dat bed all mussed up? I done feel so sick honey, I jes had to lay down. Picking up a towel from the floor, wet at one end, he said, how about dis? Oh, honey I done feel so bad, I had to put a wet towel aroun mah neck. He picks the towel up and goes to the bath room. Stay-ing there a long time, she tip toes to the bath room and sees him stropping a razor to beat the band. What you all doin, Honey? The towel was laying on the radiator. If dat towel done dry out limber, I'se gwine to shave.



Mandy meets her friend Liza who is wheeling a baby carriage with a little pickaninny in it. "Where you all get the baby, Liza?" "I got that baby at a raffle." "You got him at raffle, how's that?" "I took a chance on a sofa."



A young girl in the South, who had been brought up from the time she was a little baby by her Negro Mammy, got married and went away with her husband on her wedding trip. After a two weeks' absence she returned and the old Mammy made up her mind the next morning she was going to fix dat Chile the kind of a breakfast she liked. So, piling up a tray with all the appetizing things she could think of, that her darling liked, she went up and knocked at the door but was told she didn't want anything and neither did her husband. Somewhat disappointed, she said to herself, well, for lunch she would spread herself and she did. Going up with the tray she received the same answer as before. Not discouraged, she made up her mind to try it once more and in the evening she fixes up a tray with creamed chicken, corne pone, and all the other dishes that her young mistress loved and took them up, and kicking at the door, the young woman opens, and says, Oh, Mammy, you all know what I like.

Yaas, Missy, youh Mammy, she all know what you like, but Honey, you is got to eat.



Down in Birmingham a lady who had a good looking colored girl working for her; also had a colored man, Rastus, come in once a week to do the heavy cleaning. He liked the colored girl pretty well and was always monkeying around her.

I want you to stop hanging around Sue, said the lady of the house, she's a nice, clean, virtuous girl and I want you to keep away from her.

Look here, said Rastus. There am two things in de world what aint. One am a virtuous nigger, and de odder am a constipated fly.

OY!

Raymond Hitchcock was on a train, sitting and playing solitaire. A chap watching him asked him if he ever played two handed pinochle. Sure, said Hitchcock, sit down and we'll play. My name is Hitchcock, what's your. Babcock was the answer. They had been playing a while, when another chap asked if they cared to play auction. All right the other replied. Sit down, he did and introduced himself as Mr. Alcock. While they were playing a little Kike asked if he could make the fourth hand. They agreed and he sat down saying, my name is Kuntz. After they introduced themselves as Hitchcock, Babcock and Alcock, the Kike said, Oi, what a yenzing I' going to get.

★ ★

A kike goes into a Cloak and Suit House and asks the proprietor, if he could take another look at that No. 943 he saw last week. The proprietor calls in to his stenographer, Miss Mackenzie, where's that No. 943. Vats the idea, asked the customer? That Yiddishe girl in there, you call her Miss Mackenzie. Yes, I know, was the answer, that isn't her name, ve just call her that. You see, Ma ken se Grabbele, Ma ken sie Yenze, etc.

★ ★

### THAT'S WHAT WE THINK

A Jewish traveling man had spent the night with a girl he had picked up and when he was ready to leave her in the morning he handed her a dollar. Why, you cheap skate, said the girl, do you think I'd have stayed all night with you if I knew all you were going to give me was a dollar? Why, before I'd do that I'd go out and have it sewed up.

Vell, lady," said Ikey, "dat's all right vid me. "A few stitches wouldn't hurt any."

★ ★

### IN MEMORIAM

Three Mohels, who ranked high in the Ghetto where they lived and practiced their profession, were bemoaning the passing away of one of their compatriots who had been the Chief Mohel in that vicinity.

Said one, "ve ought to get up a memorial for our departed friend, Schmuhl."

"Right," said the second one, "vat shall ve do?"

Said the third, wouldn't it be a good idea to plant a beautiful tree over his grave as a memorial."

"Fine," said the first one, "let's plant a beautiful weeping willow tree over his grave, that would be very appropriate."

"No," said number wo, "if ve are going to plant a tree, vy not plant a wonderful fine oak tree?"

"No," said number three, "if ve are going to plant a tree, vy not make it a eucalyptus tree?"

*Juniper*

★ ★

Mr. Rifkin goes to a bank and wishes to negotiate a loan. The banker tells him that from Rifkin's reputation he isn't so sure it would be a good risk as he has heard so much of Rifkin's poor judgment. However, he says, I'll tell you what I'll do. I have one glass

eye and if you can tell me which of my eyes is the glass one I will make you the loan. Rifkin looks at him for a few moments and then says, the left eye. Right, says the banker and I will keep my word, but tell me this. How could you tell which was the glass eye? Well, said Rifkin, that looked more sympathetic than the other one.

★ ★  
Ikey Cohen and Abie Goldstein meet. Says Cohen, where are you going, Abie? To Mrs. Zemansky's bridge party. Oh, F——Mrs. Zemansky, says Ikey. Sure, says Abie, that's the first prize.

★ ★  
At a banquet given every year at the Middlesex Fair a speaker arose and gave a toast to Middlesex.

Asked to give another he arose and toasted "the Fair Sex."

Once more he was asked to give a toast and he rose and said: Here's to the Middle of the Fair Sex.

★ ★  
Find em, fondle em, fool em and forget em.

★ ★  
Say, Martha, I bought you one of them new fangled Pianolas. Well, answered his wife, you'll have to empty it yourself.

★ ★  
A chap who wanted to market Cundrums tried the Saturday Evening Post, Vanity Fair, Vogue, etc., and no one would take his Ad. A friend of his told him he knew a chap who could write him an ad that would pass muster. He took him and introduced him and the Ad man said. Come back tomorrow morning and I will have it for you.

He did this and when he came back the following Ad was handed him.

"If you are married and want children

That's your business.

If you are married and don't want children

That's our business.

U. S. Rubber Co. ★ ★

#### PERHAPS IT WOULD GROW

"Oh," exclaimed the sweet young thing, as she caught sight of a little dog with a tail perhaps an inch long, "what a cute little doggy. But what's the matter with him? Didn't he ever have any tail?"

"No," replied the dog's hard-boiled owner, "but he's just a pup." ★ ★

A teacher in school asked the children if they could tell her who used the phrase, Don't shoot until you see the whites of their eyes. One pupil said, Gen. Robt. E. Lee, another U. S. Grant one Stonewall Jackson, etc. Finally one kid in the back of the room raised his hand and said I know, Brigham Young.

★ ★  
At a fancy dress party where all the characters were supposed to come dressed to represent a Shakspearean play, two men were walking around with a Board on them like the Sandwich men usually carry. One of them had printed on his board the word "Hard." The other on only the word "Soft." When asked how they repre-

*of Kotex  
stained - yours  
out for blood*

sented a Character from Shakspeare the answer was." "As you like it" The other one "Twelfth Night."



Two congressmen one from Maine, who was a red head and one from Iowa, were bitter enemies. Every chance they had they would shoot it into each other. Both were invited to a banquet and the Maine Congressman was asked to get up and say a few words. He raised his glass and said:

Here's to the American Eagle,  
That beautiful bird of prey.  
He flies from Maine to Mexico,  
And he sh——s on Iowa.

The Iowa Congressman never said a word, till he was called upon to say a few words. He then arose and gave his answer as follows:

Here's to the State of Iowa,  
Whose soil is soft and rich.  
We need no turd from your beautiful bird,  
You red headed son of a bitch.



In a pinochle game one of the players inquired, what do I get paid if I bid Five Hundred?

The man to the left of him remarked, if you bid five hundred, by jiminy you can sleep with my wife. All right, said the first man, I bid four hundred and ninety.



Teacher in school asks a little Jewish boy. Abie I want to see if you know how to define singular and plural? Now, what is it when one woman is looking out of a window? Singular, answers Abie. That's correct. Now, if two women are looking out of a window, what's that. That's plural, said Abie. Correct again, said the teacher. Now Abie, what is it if four woman are looking out of a window? That's a Nafka Bias, answers Abie.



[Whore-house]

Almost every one knows that the famous John Ruskin, the art critic and poet was married to a woman very much younger than himself, and it is also said that, if not impotent, he at least was so engrossed with his work that he paid very little attention to his beautiful young wife, and failed in his husbandly duties towards her. She was thus thrown much into the society of his Secretary, John Millais, who afterward became Sir John Millais, the famous painter. They came to Ruskin, instead of having a secret liaison and confessed their love for each other and Ruskin, with great magnanimity, permitted his wife to get a divorce and marry Millais. They remained friends however, and shortly after the divorce, Ruskin went to Venice, and while there wrote his most famous book, "The Stones of Venice, and probably the best known book on architecture ever written. He sent a copy to his former wife asking for her comments and received from her the following epistle:

You speak of the glories of ancient erection,  
You talk of stones to a wondrous degree,  
But, alas; in the days of our affection,  
You had neither stones nor erection for me.



A man goes into Marshall Field & Co.'s retail store and at the lingerie counter asks if they have any night gowns three yards long.

We haven't any ladies' night gowns three yards long, said the sales lady, but we can make them to order. All right, was the answer, make me up a half a dozen of them.

Would you mind my being inquisitive, said the sales lady, but what do you want with a night gown three yards long? Well, you see, it's this way, lady, answered the man, I like the sensation of pulling them up.



A swimming meet was being held in the East and one girl who no one seemed to know beat every one with the greatest ease and won the prize. The instructor and referee, who had been there a good many years went up to her and said, lady, I have been here a good many years and refereed a great many matches, but I never saw any one win with such consummate ease and tell me, where did you learn that wonderful rythm that you have in the water. Oh, she answered, I used to be a street walker in Venice.



A chap picks up a Jane on the street in St. Louis and asks her to come to the Statler with him to lunch. She does and he asks her if she will have a drink and she says no. After lunch he asks her if she will go up to his room with him and she says alright. They go up and he locks the door and says, come on Kid, lets have a little party. Alright she says, and strips and gets into bed. He is standing by the window with all his clothes on, overcoat, hat etc. She says to him, well for heavens sake aren't you going to take off your clothes? He opens the window, takes off his overcoat, throws that out of the window, same with his hat, his coat, vest, collar, tie, shirt and she says, for heaven's sake what are you doing that for. God, Kid he says. By the time I get through screwing you, those clothes will be out of style.



A Mackerel and a Sole were swimming in opposite directions in as tream. As they passed each other the Sole said, waving his fin, Ah, Mack. The answer came back, Ah Sole.



An old man of 75, an oil millionaire married a girl of about thirty. One of his best friends said to him, for heaven's sake, why did you do that. Don't you know that kid will run around with at least ten fellows, all of whom can give her what she wants and what you can't do. Say, he said, I'd rather have a ten per cent interest in a gusher than a 100 per cent interest in a dry hole.



Charlie Chaplin took the White Sister into the Covered Wagon and under the Red Robe broke the Ten Commandments and gave Birth to a Nation.



### WANTED TO ADOPT A CHILD

The following conversation took place between a young lady and the manager of a local newspaper:

Lady— Is the manager in?

Manager—Yes ma'am, I'm the manager.

Lady—Are you the gentlemen who has charge of the advertisements?

Manager—Yes, ma'am.

Lady—I wish to procure a good, healthy child, how much will you charge to put it in?

Manager—One dollar for three insertions.

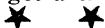
Lady—If I don't get a child after three insertions, how much will you charge to put it in again?

Manager—If you don't get a child after three insertions and I can keep it standing, I will put it in until you get a child, or until the matter runs out, for \$2.00.

Lady—Well, sir, you can put it in.

Manager—Thanks. I hope to be successful in getting you a child by the first three insertions.

Lady—I hope so, but am willing that you should keep it standing for six months, or until I get a child.



### CHURCH ANNOUNCEMENTS

Dear Brothers and Sisters—On Sunday next our Annual Baptismal Service will take place. There will be an adult and two adults.

On Wednesday Eve. our annual Tea will take place—all ladies giving milk please come early.

On Friday next a concert in aid of the poor, when Miss McGinnis will sing—"Put me in my little bed."—accompanied by the Pastor.

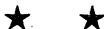
On Tuesday afternoon there will be a regular monthly meeting of the Little Mothers' Club—any young lady in the congregation desiring to become a Little Mother, will please meet the pastor in his study immediately after the meeting.

We will now sing Hymn. 455—Little Drops of Water,—as our Organist is ill will some lady please start little drops of water.

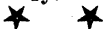


In a certain drug store on the upper west side a man entered one day, and seeing only a woman in attendance asked for the proprietor, or a male clerk. "I'm the proprietor, and we have no male clerk," she said; "tell me what you want." "Well," said the man, "I want a few condoms." "What size?" asked the woman. "I don't know. Do they come in sizes?" "Come back here," said the owner, taking him behind the partition to the rear of the store. "Put it in," she added, throwing herself on a couch and lifting her skirts. The customer readily complied, and as he inserted his probe the proprietor said, "Size 7, take it out. How many do you want?" In somewhat of a daze the customer left the place, and coming across Levy told him his adventure. The Yid went immediately to the same store, where, pretending to be embarrassed he allowed himself to be coaxed into asking the woman for condoms. He also affected great surprise to learn they come in sizes, and when he was invited to the rear of the store he complied readily. "We'll soon find out what size you are," said the woman, throwing herself again on the couch. "Put it all the way in." Levy did as he was told, but neglected to take it until his sperm left him in one grand ejacula-

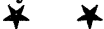
tion. "You take size 8," said the woman, rising, "how many do you want." "I don't want any," said Levy, "I just came in for a fitting."



An Englishman entered a drug store and went to the back counter. "Show me some condoms," he said to the clerk. "What kind, the twenty-five cent ones or the fifties?" asked the clerk. "Well, I say, what's the difference?" asked the limey. "The fifty-cent ones you can wash, and use again and again, he was informed. "Fine," he said, "what an economy, I'll take several." In a few weeks he returned to the drug store, went up to the clerk and said: "You may sell me several condoms, but not the fifty-cent ones, that wash." "Why not, what's the matter?" the clerk asked. "Didn't they work all right?" "I suppose they did," retorted the Englishman, "but I got a nasty note from my laundry."



A small boy entered a drug store and whispered to the clerk that he wanted some condoms. "What size," he was asked, "and who are they for?" "Gimme assorted sizes," he said, "They're for my sister, she's goin' to the country."



"You'll never be a success as a whore," said one young woman to another. "You don't know how to get your price. The right time to ask a man for money is while he's screwing you. When his eyes get glassy ask him for ten dollars. He can't refuse you." Next day she met her friend and asked her how the idea had worked out. "Rotten," said she. "When his eyes got glassy, I went stone blind."



### AN INCIDENT OF THE GREAT WAR

At the beginning of the second year of the great war with Germany, Germany had found herself running short of saltpetre, one of the most important ingredients in the manufacture of gunpowder. It gave opportunity for the demonstration of the wonderful resourcefulness of the German nation as is proved in the fact that the following appeared in the Berlin papers as an official advertisement.

#### NOTICE

The women of Germany are commended to preserve their chamber lye, as it is very needful to the cause of the Fatherland in the manufacture of gunpowder. Wagons with barrels and tanks will be sent through the city daily to collect and remove the same.

(Signed) VON HINDENBERG,

Commanding.

A German soldier in the trenches, even with the fear of LES MAJESTES in his heart, on seeing the advertisement, perpetrated the following:

Von Hindenberg, Von Hindenberg, you are a funny creature: You've given to this cruel war a new and funny feature. You'd have us thik, while every man is bound to be a fighter The women—bless their darling hearts!—should save their "P" for nitre.

Von Hindenberg, Von Hindenberg, where did you get the notion  
Of sending barrels round the town to gather up the lotion?  
We thought a woman's duty was to keeping house and diddling  
But now you've put the dears to patriotic piddling.

Von Hindenberg, Von Hindenberg, do pray invent a neater  
And somewhat less immodest way of making your saltpetre.  
For Fraulein fair, with golden hair, with whom we all are smitten  
Must join the line, and jerk their brine, to kill the bloomin' Briton.



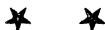
A copy of the poetic effort found its way into a British trench,  
and an English soldier wrote the following addenda, which was sent  
back to the German defences:

Von Hindenberg, Von Hindenberg, we read in song and story,  
How many tears, in all the years have sprinkled fields of glory,  
But ne'er before have women helped their braves in deed of slaughter  
Till German beauties dried their tears and went to making water.

No wonder Von your boys are brave! Who would not be a fighter  
If every time he shot his gun he used his sweetheart's nitre?  
And vice versa, what would make an allied soldier sadder  
Than dodging bullets fired from a pretty woman's bladder?

We've heard it said a subtle smell still lingers in the powder,  
And as the smoke grows thicker and the din of battle louder,  
That there is found to this compound a serious objection—  
A soldier cannot take a sniff without having an erection.

'Tis clear now why desertion is so common in your ranks;  
An Arctic nature's needed to withstand Dame Nature's pranks.  
A German cannot stand the strain. When once he's had a smell.  
He's got to have a piece or bust—The Fatherland to Hell!



### JUICY GRETCHEN

I love this white and slender body,  
These limbs that answer Love's caresses,  
Passionate eyes, and forehead covered  
With heavy waves of thick, black tresses.  
You are the very one I've searched for  
In many lands, in every weather.  
You are my sort; you understand me;  
As equals we can talk together.  
In me you've found the man you care for.  
And, for a while, you'll richly pay me  
With kindness, kisses and endearments—  
And then, as usual, you'll betray me.



He was tall and she was fair,  
Light-blue eyes and golden hair.  
He laid his head upon her breast,  
She pushed the button, he did the rest.

## HE TRIED

He tried her on the sofa,  
 He tried her on the chair,  
 He tried her on the window-seat  
 But he couldn't get it there.  
 He tried her sitting on his lap  
 And lying on the floor,  
 He tried her up against the wall  
 And against the parlor-door.  
 He tried her this way and that way  
 And how it made her laugh  
 To see the different ways he tried  
 To take her photograph.



## POOR GIRL

A simple, girlish maiden, in a little country town,  
 She thought she'd like the city and its ways,  
 So one summer's morning dressed in her swellest gown,  
 She left her home, departed from its joys;  
 She landed in the city and walked along the street—  
 It was rather late, in fact 'twas after nine,  
 She met a gent who told her he thought her very sweet,  
 And then of course invited her to dine.

## Chorus

But the poor girl didn't know the difference,  
 She had innocence imprinted on her brow;  
 She didn't think it wrong, so of course she went along,  
 Well, I think she knows the difference now.  
 Now during last vacation why pretty Mary Brown,  
 She thought she'd like to spent the summer months  
 Away out in the country in some quiet place;  
 She packed her trunk and started off at once.  
 She thought she'd go out milking, the sport would be so new,  
 When she had only been there about a day,  
 And when she saw the brindles, she said that's what I'll do,  
 And got a pail and started right away.

## Chorus

But the poor girl didn't know the difference,  
 She started then and there to milk the cow;  
 But she made a sad mistake, for that cow's name was Jake,  
 Well, I think the girlie knows the difference now.

## WILLIE

When Willie was a little boy,  
 Not more than five or six,  
 Right constantly he did annoy  
 His mother with his tricks.  
 Yet not a picayune cared I  
 For what he did or said,  
 Unless, as happened frequently,  
 The rascal wet the bed.  
 He closely cuddled up to me  
 And put his hand in mine,  
 Till all at once I seemed to be  
 Afloat in seas of brine.  
 Sabeian odors clogged the air,  
 And filled my soul with dread,  
 Yet I could only grin and bear  
 When Willie wet the bed.  
 'Tis many times the rascal has  
 Soaked all the bed clothes thro',  
 Whereat, I'd feebly light the gas  
 And wonder what to do.  
 Yet, there he lay, so peaceful like—  
 God bless his curly head—  
 I quite forgave the little tyke  
 For wetting of the bed.  
 Ah, me! those happy days have flown,  
 My boy's a father too,  
 And little Willies of his own  
 Do what he used to do.  
 And I; a, all tha's left of me  
 Is dreams of pleasure fled;  
 Our boys ain't what they used to be  
 When Willie wet the bed.

★ ★

 ANXIOUS AT BOTH ENDS

A hungry hick came into a restaurant.  
 "What will you have?" demurely asked the lady biscuit-shooter,  
 as she handed him the menu.

The gentleman looked pale and hungry and he was evidently  
 very anxious about something. He scanned the bill of fare.

"Bringe me some——" he began, and suddenly arose from his  
 seat and made a rush for the door marked "Men."

Three minutes later he returned, looking very much relieved.

"Bring me some——"he began again. But before he could finish the sentence, his face flushed purple and he again rushed to the mysterious room.

Once more he reappeared, looking very much assuaged. But before he had taken more than a glance at the menu, Nature again called him and he made another dive toward the House of Correction.

Again he issued, looking grim and determined not to be mastered by his physical needs again.

"I think," he said sweetly, "I'll have some sardines."

"Will you take them in the can?" inquired the waitress.

"No—for God's sake, bring them quick and I'll eat 'em here."



### THE CHAMBERMAID BELIEVED IN SERVICE

England has been changing her ambassadors to America so often since the war that many little complications have ensued.

One of the smallest yet funniest is the following:

The chambermaid on the third floor of one of the finest hotels in New York was told to prepare a certain suite with especial attention. "The greatest Peer in England is going to occupy that suite," the steward told her.

When the great man arrived in his room, he found forty pots under his bed.

Angrily he called in the chambermaid.

"My word," he fumed, pointing to the pots, "What's this?"

"Well sor," replied the girl, "they told me you were the greatest Peer in England."



### THEM'S OUR SENTIMENTS, POLLY

The fair young damsel was taking a bath. The little canary hanging in its cage very timidly said: "Peep, Peep." But the polly on his perch on the other side of the room said: "Peep, Hell, I'm going to take a damn good look."



### IN SCHOOL

A teacher asks her class of boys to compose a sentence with the word "pistol" in it. One little boy gets up and says, his brother was in the war and brought him back a German pistol. Another little boy gets up and says that his father belongs to the militia and goes once a week for pistol practice. Little Abe Cohen gets up and says, "Last Sunday my sister Beckie went to a picnic and she drank so much ginger ale she pissed till Tuesday."



### MUTT AND JEFF

Mutt and Jeff are laying in a hospital, on cots side by side. In the morning the nurse, making her rounds stops at Mutt's bed and says, "Good morning, Mutt, is there anything I can do for you this morning?" Mutt says, "Yes, I would like a glass of milk." She picks up a glass, unbuttons her waist, takes one of her tits out and squirts the glass full of milk and hands it to Mutt. She turns to the next bed, in which Jeff is lying, and asks him whether she can do anything for him. He, having seen what she did for Mutt, answers, "Well, to tell you the truth, I want a glass of water, but you better bring me a cigar."

## AN INTERESTING CEREMONY

A meeting of the London School Board was recently called for the purpose of presenting Miss Clark, one of the pupil teachers, with a testimonial on her leaving the school for another sphere of labor.

In making the presentation, Professor Philemore, in a few chosen words, referred to Miss Clark's extraordinary capabilities. The Professor said that for quickness of conception, easy delivery, and faithful reproduction of all matter imparted to her, Miss Clark surpassed any lady he had ever had the pleasure of having under him, and which, the Professor factiously remarked, had not been a few. He further stated that he had never known his efforts with Miss Clark to miscarry. (Applause)

Miss Clark, in thanking the Professor for his great kindness, felt bound to refer to his gentleness and firmness in his treatment of her when she had the pleasure of working under him. Miss Clark spoke feelingly of his energy, force of action, his power of duration, his dexterity in grappling with his subject, and above all his decision in driving home his point. Miss Clark trusted that the germ so skillfully imparted to her by the Professor would fructify, and if, as she sincerely hoped, the Professor could find time to visit her in her new home he would find that his labors had not been in vain. (Loud cheers)—Reprint from the London Advocate.



### HELL

Just what is meant by this word "Hell"  
 They say sometimes, "It's cold as Hell,"  
 Sometimes they say, "It's hot as Hell,"  
 When it rains hard, "It's Hell," they cry  
 It's also "Hell" when it is dry.  
 They "hate like "Hell," to see it snow,  
 It's "A Hell of a wind," when it starts to blow,  
 Now "How in Hell" can anyone tell  
 "What in Hell" they mean by this word "Hell?"  
 This married life is "Hell" they say,  
 When he comes in late there's "Hell to Pay,"  
 When he starts to yell, it's "A Hell of a note."  
 It's "Hell" when the kid you have to tote,  
 It's "Hell" when the doctor sends his bills,  
 For a "Hell of a lot" of trips and pills,  
 When you get this you will know real well  
 Just what is meant by this word "Hell."  
 "Hell yes!" "Hell no!" and "Oh, Hell" too!  
 "The Hell you don't," "The Hell you do."  
 And "What in Hell!" and "The Hell it is,"  
 "The Hell with your" and "The Hell with his!"  
 Now "Who in Hell" and "Oh, Hell, where?"  
 And "What the Hell do you think I care?"  
 But "The Hell of it is," "It's sure as Hell,"  
 We don't know "What in the Hell" is "Hell."



## A BRIEF

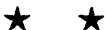
Speech made by Mrs. Parkhurst on February 18, 1909, before  
Congress, pertaining to Woman Suffrage:

"We must have what the men have—It may not be much, but we must have it. If we cannot have it without friction, we will have it with friction. If we cannot have it through our organization, we will have it through our combination—or without, if necessary. We absolutely refuse to be packed in the gallery any longer but insist on being placed on the floor of the House. The drunken loafer at the other end of the house says: 'Down with the petticoats!' I say 'Up with the petticoats and down with the trousers, and then things will be visible in the true light.'"



## A SHAKE DOWN

A chap meet a girl and is taking her up to a room and says to her, Say kid, I've got it my head to slip it to you good and plenty about six times. He gets her up to the room and takes a joy ride, a good one. Then she notices that he got up out of bed and is bumping his head against the wall. For God's sake what are you doing? she asks. Trying to shake the other five down where they belong, he said.



A tramp was leaning against a home  
Close by a window frame,  
Inside he heard voices,  
Just then a woman exclaimed.

"You simply can't do it this way  
Hurry don't you see I can't wait  
You alway's let it wobble so,  
You just can't keep it straight.

Now, let us try it this way,  
But be careful of my dress,  
If you let it slip out, you know  
You'll make an awful mess.

If you can't do it this way  
We can't do it at all,  
I think that your's must be too big  
Or mine must be too small.

Just have a little patience dear,  
And you will surely win,  
See now you've got it straight,  
For God sake shove it in.

By this time the tramp got excited  
 And for the window dove  
 And saw a woman and a man  
 Fitting stove pipe to a stove.



## M E N

IT WOULD BE GREAT TO GET ONE OF THESE  
 SIGNED EVERY TIME

### SAFETY FIRST GUARANTEE

THIS CERTIFIES that I, the undersigned, a female about to  
 enjoy sexual intercourse with.....

am above the age of consent, am in my right mind and not under  
 the influence of any drug or narcotic. Neither does he have to use  
 any force, threats or promise to influence me. I am in no fear of  
 him whatever; do not expect or want to marry him, don't know  
 whether he is married or not, and don't care. I am not asleep or  
 drunk and am entering into this relation with him because I love  
 it and want it as much as he does, and if I receive the satisfaction I  
 expect, am willing to play an early return engagement.

Furthermore, I agree never to appear as a witness against him,  
 or to prosecute under the Mann White Slave Act.

Signed, before going to bed, this.....day of.....192

By .....

Address .....

(SEAL)



### THAT'S ALL

A distinguished, finely dressed man, apparently about 65 years  
 of age, was walking up and down Fifth Avenue in New York from  
 34th St. to 42nd, back to 34th, and then back to 42nd, etc.

A policeman walked up to him and wanted to arrest him. What  
 for? asked the man. Well, said the policeman, I noticed you are  
 looking at all the young girls and looking particularly at their legs.  
 Did you see me try to talk to any of them or annoy them in any-  
 way? No, said the policeman, but I want to know, what in hell  
 you're doing that for. Merely recharging my batteries, said the  
 old boy.



Poor Murphy had a bad cold. He couldn't talk above a whisper.  
 He decided to consult a doctor, and, not finding him in his office,  
 went to his home. The doctor wife opened the door, and Murphy said  
 in his loudest voice, which was little more than a whisper, "Is your  
 husband in?" The doctor's wife replied in a whisper, "No, come in."

## NAUGHTINESS ON THE NILE

Antony, having left the legions of Rome playing Come Seven Come Eleven in the desert, was calling on Cleopatra in her perfumed pashhouse on the Nile.

He came up the steps of her royal palace carrying a great bouquet of roses in one hand and a bottle of "Marius Fronto's Liquid Ambition, Guaranteed to Give Results" in the other.

As Antony approached the private chamber, Cleo's maid came out and said,

"Sorry, your imperial majesty, but my mistress can't see you today. She's in bed with Tonsilitis."

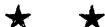
"Tonsilitis, Tonsilitis!" ejaculated the conqueror of Brutus. "What the hell's she doing with that Greek?"



Floorwalker (to very nervous and flustered man): "Yes, sir; is there anything we can do for you today?"

The Man: "Well, my wife sent me down for a casserole or a camisole, I forget which."

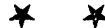
Floorwalker: "Well, that depends on what kind of chicken you want to put it on."



He (driving): "Shall I stop the car?"

She (indignantly): "Go right ahead!"

He did. And a good time was had by all.



## TYPICAL

A Scotchman went up to a filling station and said, "I'd like to get a little water for my radiator." The attendant gave it to him. Of course that was free. Then he said, "Can I have a little air for my tires." Of course that was free also. Finally the Scotchman said, "Have you got a urinal around here anywhere?" "Yes," said the attendant, "just around the corner to the left, and don't forget to tip the seat." And the Scotchman went away and peed in his pants.



## WE GET YOU

Traveler: "What is the population of this town?"

Native: "Nine hundred and fifty."

Traveler: "Why that was the population five years ago, don't you have any births?"

Native: "Well, you see every time a baby is born a man leaves town."



The following conversation was recently overheard in one of our leading theatres:

She: "And what do you think of the Susan B. Anthony amendment?"

He: "I don't think much of it."

She: "Just wait, we women are going to show you men something."

He: "You surely will if fashion continues to shorten your skirts."

Deep silence!

## PREVENTATIVE MEDICINE

A friend of mine returned home earlier than usual the other night and found his wife sitting on the doctor's lap. Next day he sent home a barrel of apples. "An apple a day keeps the doctor away."



### NO TIME

Henry: "Just one more, dear; just one more like the last one."

Marge: "But, Henry, there isn't time. You must leave in ten minutes."



## THE CONVICT'S DREAM

or

### XMAS PUDDING

It was Xmas on the Island,  
The convicts all were there  
They were seated round the table  
Partaking of their fare  
When the warden gently entered,  
And he glanced around the halls  
Merry Xmas to you convicts,  
And the convicts answer "balls."

And it so enraged the warden  
He swore by all the gods  
You shall not have your pudding  
You God-Damn bunch of slobs.  
Then up spoke an ancient convict,  
With a face as hard as brass,  
Keep your Dod-Damn Xmas pudding  
And shove it up your ass.



## KITCHEN AND TABLE LANGUAGE AND ETIQUETTE

### "Why Did The Salt Shaker."

Because he saw the spoon holder, the potato masher, the egg beater, the lemon squeezer, the can opener, the nut cracker, but when he saw the CORK SCREWER!—IT WAS ALL OFF."



## MR. GALLAGHER AND MR. SHEAN

Oh Mister Gallagher, Oh Mr. Gallagher  
Have you heard about the greatest sport  
In life—I have often heard it said,  
That it's usually done in bed, and the  
Lady doesn't have to be your wife.

Oh Mr. Shean, Oh Mr. Shean, do you  
Really think that I'm so very green?  
Do you know what you should wear, when  
In bed with a lady fair—Sure a Jock Strap  
Mister Gallagher—No a cundrum Mr. Shean.

## THE WAY IT STARTED

Pushing his way into a crowd on a corner, little Mose saw two colored brethern fighting to beat the band. Turning to one of the bystanders, he asked what the fight was about, and received the answer that they were fighting about an agreement.

"How come, Niggah? How come? Explains dat all to me. I done heard tell of people fightin' 'bout a disagreement many times, but I done nebbah heard tell of two people fightin' 'bout an agreement."

"Dat's where you is foolish, Niggah. I explains dat to you all: De one fellah says to do odder, 'My wife am de best piece ob ass in dis whole town.' And de odder fellah agreed with him. Den de fight started."



At a dinner table, during a discussion there was occasion for some one to use the old phrase, Veni, Vidi, Vici, meaning to quote Julius Caesar, I came, I saw, I conquered.

"Well," said one of those present, I don't like to blow, but I think that I can truthfully say, I have Caesar beat a city block."

"How do you make that out?" inquired the others.

"Well," said the chap, "just a few days ago I met a wonderfully beautiful girl, I took her out to dinner. Oh, well, to make the story short, I saw, I conquered, I came."



A fellow walks into the biggest department store in a town and asks a young lady if they have any Pettybockers. She answers in the affirmative and he asks how many they have. She tells him. To be sure she would have to inquire of the manager. She comes back and tells him they have fourteen dozen in stock.

"All right," said the chap, "wrap them up, I'll take them all."

The clerk, thinking it rather strange, tells the manager and he comes up and asks, "Would you mind telling me what you want with all these ladies' garments."

"I want to take 'em out and rip 'em all to hell. They're too dam inconvenient."



## A RIDDLE

If an ice box gets one piece a day, and a tablecloth is jerked off three times a day, and a dentist puts his tool in a lady's mouth for fifty cents, why in h—ll do we pay a doctor two dollars for coming once?

A Scotchman was going with a girl and was always promising her that if anything happened to her he would take care of her. Suddenly he disappeared and went to Scotland and remained there three years. On his return he was walking down the street one day when he met his old sweetheart walking with a little boy. He greeted her and asked her whose little boy it was. She said it was hers, and that he was the father of it. "Why didn't you send for me when you found you were in that condition, I would have come back and married you?" "Oh well," said the girl, "I talked it over with the folks and we all decided we'd rather have a bastard in the family than a Scotchman."

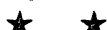
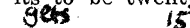


During the Dempsey-Tunney fight they had a tough little kike for one of the ushers. A lady came in and handed him her checks. The kike looks at them and says, "Lady, you're the third aisle, third row, third seat." "You're wrong," said the lady, "absolutely wrong." "The kike takes another look and says, "Lady, I'm tellin' you once again, the third seat, the third row and the third aisle." Looking daggers at him the lady says, "I want you to understand that I have a mezzanine box." The answer she got was, "Lady, I don't give a God-damn if you've got a velvet box with gold trimmin's, you have the third seat, in the third row, in the third aisle."



### IT WAS TERRIBLE

There was a nurse in a hospital, who always concerned herself about everything that was going on in the hospital. She went away on a vacation and when she returned she asked if anything unusual had happened in her absence. A couple of doctors thought that they would kid her and said, "Why yes, there was a child born here the other evening without a Penis." "My God, she said, "how terrible, are you going to leave the child live?" The doctors answered, "Why yes, we'll leave it live until its to be twenty one and we'll insert one." It was a girl.



I've been a good fellow, boys,  
I earned all I spent,  
Paid all I borrowed,  
And lost all I lent.  
I loved a woman once  
That too came to an end  
Buy a dog—boys—  
Then you'll always have a friend.



A girl who was dying of tuberculosis in a county institution was threatened with ejection and was telling her troubles to a girl with whom she had made friends and how was about ready to leave, the girl said, "Let me take your clothes kid, and I'll go down on your old beat, and try your old customers." While she was parading the beat a copper picked her up, knowing she wasn't the regular girl, and asked her who she was. "Well, officer, I'll tell you, I'm a substitute for a destitute prostitute in an institute."

Two coons meet, one has a wench on each arm and is walking along with his chest thrown out. Sam says to Rastus, "Say, niggah, 'where you all goin'?" Rastus answers, "I'se takin' these two Janes to a ball." "Huh" says Sam, "I'se doing just the opposite of you."



Fannie Bryce was out with Tex Rickard one night. They had lots of food and plenty of wine, and all evening she was using endearing terms—"oh, Tex, you are wonderful," "Tex you are a darling," "There is no one like you Tex," etc., etc. When they were ready to go she held up her mink coat and said, "Hold my coat Rickard." "How do you get that way" said Tex, "all evening it's been Tex, Tex, Tex, and now all of a sudden it is Rickard." "Well," said she "I can't very well say 'hold my coat-Tex.'"



### HE DID

A farmer had to leave on a two weeks' trip. It was imperative that he should go, although he hated to leave on account of the fact that in that time the pig was expected to have a litter, the cow was to have a calf and the mare was to have a foal. He called his head farm hand and told him how he hated to leave and asked him to take good care of everything, look after things and do the best he could, which was promised.

On his return after two weeks, he immediately went to his helper and asked, "Well, is everything all right?"

"No," said the farm hand, "everything went wrong. The pig had her litter all right, but she rolled over on them and killed them all, the cow had a fine calf and unfortunately, the calf got drowned in the brook. The mare had her foal and accidentally kicked it to death."

"You're a hell of a help, you are," said the farmer, "couldn't you attend to anything right?"

"You bet," said the helper, "you know that bleeding your daughter has every month? Well, I stopped that."



A Jew and an Irishman, who had taken up with each other were down and out and starving. It was a wet, cold night, and they passed a house where there was light and music, and peering through the window they saw a number of Priests, seated around a table, heaped with food, and all drinking wine.

Bejabers, said Pat to Ikey, here's where we eat. They sure won't turn down a couple of starving men like us. But I think we better go in one at a time. All right said Ikey, you go in first. In goes Pat and coming out, says, Ikey, you'll get such a feed as yez never had before, but watch your step, they're all Catholic in there, so be sure and say the right thing.

But a few minutes after going in, out bounces Ikey on his ass and after picking himself up from the sidewalk, Pat inquires; what's the idea? Didn't you do what I told you. Sure, said Ikey, and I made it good and strong. I tol them my Fader was a Priest and my Mudder was a Nun.

A discussion arose between two friends as to who was the greatest man in the world. The one insisted it was Abraham Lincoln.

The other agreed Lincoln was a great man but said George Washington was a greater. He was first in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen.

Yes, said the other but he married a widow.



A chap who had a girl named Belle, said he went to her house the other evening but didn't go in because he knew she was sick.

How did you know she was sick? asked his friend.

Easy enough, he replied. There was a sign on the door "Bell out of order."



### LA SAGESSE FRANCAISE

Paul Bourget, the great French novelist, visited American about fifteen years ago.

A society frump from Fifth Avenue asked him:

"Why do you always write about woman who sin? Why do you not write about good women?"

Bourget replied: "What is there to write?"



### This Is The Kind of Poetry They Write in Greenwich Village

(By Alfred Bryan, from Pagan Love Lyrics, 1921)

Teach me to sin—

In love's forbidden ways,

For you can make me all passion pure;

The magic lure of your sweet eyes

Each Shape of sin makes virtue praise.

Teach me to sin—

Enslave me to your wanton charms,

Crush me in your velvet arms,

And make me, make me love you.

Make me fire your blood with new desire,

And make me kiss—lip and limb,

Till senses reel and pulses swim.

Aye! even if you hate me,

Teach me to sin.



### A RURAL BALLAD

Tempt me not away to mountains, to lakes or shady dell,

Nor to the sea shore where the sands are full of fleas;

But take me the country, the place I love so well,

'Mid the hay fields, and the cabbage and peas.

Tempt me not with lovely ladies, with their husbands left at home,

And a bunch of bathers basking at their knees;

I prefer the dairy maiden upon her native loam,

In the land where grows the cabbages and peas;

Where the hay upon the meadow gives a fragrance to the air;

Where the cow and calf are browsing 'neath the trees;

In the golden glow of evening I would greet the maiden fair,

As she sits among the cabbages and peas.



## AN AWKWARD MISTAKE

A young man who is engaged to a young lady wishes to buy her a valentine remembrance. Not being able to decide for himself he went shopping with his sister, she buying a pair of drawers and he a pair of gloves for his lady friend. In sending the parcels got mixed and the drawers were sent to the lady friend with the following note:

"Dear One:

I bought this little remembrance for you. Oh! how I wish no hand would touch them after you put them on, but I know such a wish is in vain. A thousand hands may touch them while I am not at your side and other eyes than mine may see them on you at parties. I bought the smallest size I could get and if they are too large let them wrinkle down as a great many girls wear them that way. Always wear them at parties as I want to see how they fit. Some fellows may soil them but you can clean them with benzine if you leave them on to dry. I hope they are not too small. Blow into them before you put them on.

"Ever Your Own"

CHARLEY



## RAFFLE FOR A DOG

### WANT A DOG

A nice brown dog, sound as a ring,  
 Will be eight years old—if he lives till spring;  
 He will piss on your carpet, shit on your grass.  
 Has three white feet and a hole in his ass,  
 His head bulges out and his ass caves in,  
 But he's a damned good dog for the shape he's in.  
**TAKE A CHANCE!**      Tickets 1c to \$1.00

**No. 23**

Name .....

Address .....

# THAT'S HOW

She saw him, and she sought,  
 Seeking him, she met him,  
 Meeting him, she loved him,  
 Loving him, she let him,  
 Letting him, she lost him.

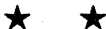


## AND SHE WOULDN'T EAT THE BREAST OF A CHICKEN

'Tis been erroneously said  
 That modesty is dead  
 And I'll prove it to you in a jiffy,  
 For in our fair town  
 There is a Miss Brown,  
 Who's so modest, by gad, it's a pity.  
 When she retires at night  
 She'll turn out the light  
 So not even herself she can see;  
 And the legs of each chair  
 She has covered with care;  
 She wouldn't look at the limb of a tree.  
 With her high-collared woist,  
 Boy, I'll say she's a chaste,  
 And short dresses she abhors.  
 But, my, how she'll flush  
 And stutter and blush  
 When she opens the bureau drawers.



A girl bought a pair of stockings at Marshall Fields' and sent them back with a note saying they were not up to her expectation. They sent her another pair and sent her a little note saying, "We hope that these will tickle your fancy."



A girl seeking a position as a stenographer had made all the arrangements and when the boss asked her what salary she expected by er, and she would leave it to him. The first week, in lieu of by her, and she would leave it to him. The first week, in lieu of salary, he gave her a beautiful silk, lace trimmed night gown, the second week he gave her fifty dollars, and the third week he raised her first week's salary.



A guy meets a girl and sleeps with her. A few nights later he has a wet dream about her, he writes her a note and tells her about it and encloses five dollars, saying, "I'm poor but I'm honest."



They say that Colgate and Company are going to sue Kotex people for stealing their slogan "Lays flat on the brush."



At the time that Irving Berlin married Ellen MacKay they say he wrote a song dedicated to his father-in-law entitled "I don't care, I've been cut off before."

A girl was going to be baptised. The preacher pulled down the blinds, stuffed the keyholes, then told her to strip to her naked skin, which, to comply with the parson's request, she did. He opened up the Bible and told her to lay on it. Then he mounted her and said:

The Holy book is under three,  
The Holy man is over thee,  
The Holy pole is in thy hole—  
Now wwiggle yyour ass to  
ssave your ssoul.



A police officer arrested a man for speeding in a Ford and when brought before the Judge the officer testified that he had been going at the rate of 85 miles per hour.

That is impossible, said the Judge. You never could have been going 85 miles an hour in a Ford.

Well, you see Judge, answered the accused, I grafted a couple of nuts from a Stutz onto the Ford and that's how I can go that fast.

### WASTED AMMUNITION

Julius Schmitt came into our editorial sanctum yesterday, looking even more woebegone than usual.

"The wife had twins again," he told us.

"For the love of Mike, Julius," we sympathized, "do you always get twins?"

"Hell no!" spit out the Solon, "more as tousand times nuddings!"



### ANY CONNECTION?

Old Man Grim glanced up from his plate of beans and corn-bread; his son Johnny closed the door and turned a dejected face toward the elder.

"What's the matter of yuh?" grunted his father. "I thought yuh was as good as hired."

"I was—'ntil he made me do a bunch of writin'—then he said he couldn't keep me."

"Why?"

"He said I—I—was ill—ill—illiterate."

"It's a domm dirty lie," screamed the Old Man. "I married yer mother six weeks afore yew was born."



### SOME MELODY LEFT

A violinist, well past his fortieth year, proposed to a buxom widow and was refused on account of his age, to which he expostulated, "But remember, dear, an old violin is filled with lots of melody yet unplayed."

The widow listened to a tune.



### CERTAINLY

Judge: "What were you doing chasing those bathing girls at the beach?"

Youth: "I was enjoying the privileges granted me by the Constitution—life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

## TRUTH CRUSHED TO EARTH

Out here in Cleveland the Baptists are uniting with the Socialists.

The North Shore Baptist Church of Cleveland holds "Open Forum" every Thursday night, where a slew of washed out Willies discuss such dumpology as "Sweetness and Light" and "The Rights of the Proletariat."

One subject they never discuss is the right of the proletariat (art-alley for hired hand) to his bucket of beer.

Last Thursday night I sunk in and found them holding a symposium on the question "What is the most beautiful thing about a woman?"

One goofus said her eyes. Another her lips. Another her hair. Another her soul.

A nervous Baptist arose and said, "I make a motion we adjourn before someone tells the truth!"



A young couple just married were staying at the home of the groom's parents. Before they went to bed the first night she made him pray. Next morning at breakfast he said: "Father, I did something last night that I never did before," and his wife spoke up and said "Yes, and I intend for him to do it every night." The old man shook his head and said, "It can't be done."



Lizzie McCarthy, our skinny stenographer ate an olive and the next day six men left town.



Headline from the Brownsville, (Tex.) International Gazette—Two American girls attacked below the border.



Prohibition—is the milk of human kindness turned sour.



"I'm not that kind of a girl—and besides, a dollar isn't enough."



Married men tell no tales.



The suffragettes' battle cry: "Down with the trousers and up with the petticoats."



Heaven will protect the working girl—but she often has to walk back anyway.



Isn't it remarkable how many women will go into a man's bedroom to fight for their honor?



Have a good time while you're alive, fellows. Death is so PERMANENT.



The most common name on hotel registers: John Smith and Wife.



Men buy women valentines and things with lace edges.

*the grace is wet (Rufus and)*

2  
When you meet a man of forty and past,  
Who has led a life exceedingly fast,  
And he marries a girl of twenty and four,  
Who is constantly crying for more and more.  
And all he can do is to buzz and buzz,  
And tell what a hell of a fellow he used to was.  
Isn't it awful, Mabel.



### ANYWAY, HE SURE GOT HIM

Rats were very plentiful in the cellar. There was a bag of nuts in one end of the cellar and a bag of apples in the other. John placed a trap by the bag of apples and one by the bag of nuts. That evening at supper a noise was heard in the cellar and John hurried down. He shouted up to Mary: "I got him." And she said: "Where by the apples?" And he answer: "No."



### THE HAND CUFF KING

Pat Murphy and his wife had a child every time they had intercourse, and as the family was getting entirely too big for Pat's means, Pat decided that he would see what could be done to prevent this and still allow him to enjoy his intercourse with Bridget. It might be mentioned that Pat and Bridget were in the habit of deciding before they went to it what the child would be named. Pat's friend told him to use a cundrum and one fine evening just before they were going to have their little nuki Pat slipped one of these things on. Bridget said, "Well, Pat, Darlin, if we get a little boy this time, let's name him Dinny." "Be Jasus," says Pat, "If he gets out of the dam thing I have on, we'll name him Houdini."



A traveling man who had occasion to stop off on business in Palm Beach, after a hasty courtship, grabbed off the daughter of a rich New Yorker, and married her. He sent a telegram to the father as follows: Married your daughter this morning. Going to Tampa with her tonight.



### DANIEL IN THE LION'S DEN

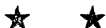
It was during the reign of Azar "ass" while in a heated argument in court as to who the drinks were on, Daniel found occasion to call the King a Son of a Bitch; and in those days it was considered no small matter to call the reigning sovereign the off-spring of a slut; so Daniel was therefore cast into the den of lions.

During the night though, the King's conscience so grieved him that early the next morning he strode over to the lion's den and behold, se saw Daniel wiping his ass with the tail of the largest lion. "Good morning," said the King, but Daniel upon seeing him, rolled up a pile of dung and smote the King on the cheek. "Shit" cried the King. "Right," quoth Daniel, and the drinks were on the King. Where goeth the Queen, asked Daniel. To the Royal Crap-Can,

answered the King. Hath she plenty of paper, sayeth Daniel. Three reams of the best and medicated, answered the King. Good cried Daniel. I feared she would be compelled to use the ordinary corn cob and scatch the finest touch-hole that ever pooped a zephyr. At this, the whole bloody court laughed right heartily and the King was so pleased that the drinks were on the King and Daniel was henceforth kept out of the Lion's Den.



At a musical show a man sitting in E-2 on the aisle wanted to know what a certain tune was and turning to the lady opposite asked if she knew what it was. "Go feather your nest" was her answer. "Oh, go s—— in your hat," he replied, "can't you answer a civil question?"



### REBUS

Letitia has a large one, and so has cousin Luce;  
 Eliza has a small one, though large enough for use.  
 A child may have a little one enclosed within a clout  
 In fact, all females have one, no girl is born without.  
 But man, nor, boy, nor buck, nor bear, nor ram was ever known  
 To have one either large or small, to rightly call their own.  
 All fowls have one, not cocks of course, and though prolific breeders,  
 The fact that fish have none is known to piscatorial readers  
 Hermaphrodites have none; mermaids are minus too,  
 Without it lust has never been, and even love would die,  
 It's used by all in nuptial bliss, in carnal pleasures found.  
 Destroy it, life becomes extinct, the world becomes a sound.  
 Beneath a soft and glossy curl, each lass has one in front,  
 To find it in an animal, you, at the stern must hunt.  
 Now tell me what the object is; But pause before you guess it.  
 If you are mother, maid or nun, I swear you don't passes it.

Answer the Letter—L.



Two Irishmen were working with pick and shovel. One of them dropped his cigar in a pool where a horse had urinated. He picked up the cigar and said, Pat, did yet ever taste horse piss? No, said Pat. Well, he answered, ye didn't miss much.



A lady whose husband snored terribly, went to the Doctor and asked him if he could suggest a remedy. He told her it was a simple matter. All she had to do while he was asleep was to spread his legs apart gently without waking him. After a week she came back and said, Doctor, your advice was splendid, it worked like a charm. But tell me, I can not understand how such a simple thing would stop his snoring. Well, you see, its like this, said the Doctor, when you spread his legs apart, his testicles drop down over his touch hole, shutting off the draft and he stops snoring immediately.

A lady goes into a bank in New York and lays down a Russian Ten Thousand Rouble note and asks the Cashier to please give her American Money for it.

The Cashier hands her out seventy-nine cents.

Do you mean to tell me, that's all I get for that.

That is all it is worth, madam, answers the cashier.

The dirty Son of a Bitch, she says, and I gave him breakfast, too.



Some drink to their wives and sweethearts,

And some to actress fair.

But I drink to you, my darling,

And may you never have trouble or care.

Virtue and truth, I grant you,

Are possessed by but very few.

But, please don't come out with a girl like me,

Unless you intend to come through.



### A TRAIN STORY

A train stopped at Albany and as is the custom of the Pullman conductors to lock all the toilets on Pullman cars while standing at a station, one of the toilets being occupied unbeknown to one of the car oilers, who usually look after the hot boxes, etc., which are directly under the toilets. The oiler performs his usual duties, when all of a sudden the party occupying the toilet pulls the chain and the entire contents pour all over the oiler. He is furious, gets up and makes a dash for the Pullman car, running through the car, hollering, "Where's the S. of a B. that was in that toilet." A rather dignified gentleman suddenly appears and says, "My good man, if you refer to me, I would have you known I am Oliver P. Belmont." The oiler says, "I don't give a good God Dam if you are or not, I'm All over shit Casey."



A policeman walking in Central Park discovered a chap attired in a frock coat, silk hat, patent leather shoes, gloves, etc., digging a hole with a shovel that he had in his hand. He could hardly reconcile the two and asked him what he was doing.

"Oh," said the fellow, "I have a date to jazz a hump backed girl to night and I want her to be comfortable."



**The Bird Who Write This Will Regret It Some Day**

Customer: "What do you take off for cash?"

Saleslady: "Sir!"



### SKUNKED

Two lonesome skunks by the roadside stood,

As an automobile rushed by;

It left an odor far from good,

And a tear was in one's eye.

"Oh, why do you weep?" asked his anxious friend,

"Why do you sob and quake?"

"Because that smell," said the other skunk,

"Is like my mother used to make."



A traveling man was calling on his customer in Little Rock. Having sold him a nice bill of goods he found by looking at his watch he had missed his train and would have to stay over until that night, having the entire afternoon with nothing to do. His customer, Mr. Smith, said, "I'll have my daughter take you out for a drive." The salesman figured she was probably homely as Hell but much to surprise and delight when she arrived behind a spanking team of bays he found she was a very beautiful girl. After having driven for half an hour he started with a few feels, etc., etc., and before the afternoon was gone he had gotten what he wanted. When he arrived in St. Louis he found a letter with the address of Smith in the corner card and opening he found a small piece of a horse whip with the following in poetry:

I'm sending you a token,

Oh a horse whip that is broken

There were foot prints on my dashboard, upside down.

There were grease stains on my cushion

Which proved there had been pushin'

And my little daughter Venus hasn't come around.

He answered as follows:

I'm the guy that did the pushin'

Put the grease stains on the cushion

Put the foot-prints on the dashboard, upside down.

But since I met your daughter Venus

I've had trouble with my penis,

And I wish I hadn't made your God-damned town.



Shortly after the armistice, a lady walks into a Doctor's office and asks that he give her a thorough examination. I'm not feeling at all well, having just gotten over an operation.

Major, asks the Doctor?

No, First Lieutenant, answers the lady.

### IT HAPPENED IN SPRINGFIELD

A coon in Springfield, Mass., received a visit from an old nigger friend of his who had developed into quite a sport. The Springfield coon, not being very wise to sporting ways, went out with his sporty friend, who asked him had he ever drank champagne. "No," he answers, so his friend treats him to several bottles and gets him so soused that he has to take him home, and put him to bed. He decided to sleep with him in the same bed and during the night, he gets quite an erection and makes up his mind to corn hole his friend. After he does this a couple of times he gets up and leaves. The next morning por Rastus is limping down the street, when he meets another nigger acquaintance, and stopping to talk to him, he suddenly asks, "Mose, did you ever dring champagne in your life?" Mose says, "many time, Nigger, many time." Say, Mose," says Rastus, "don't it make youah ass hole soah?"



A prison warden tells a new inmate "It is our practice to let all prisoners work at the same trade as they were engaged in outside. Fine said the new convict. I'm a travelling man.



Do you know why Scotchmen belch? Sure, they want to save the wear and tear on their ass hole.



What is the difference between a mosquito and a fly? You can't sew a button on a mosquito.



Do you know what makes a cannon roar? If you lost one ball every time you shot off you would roar too.



A copper stopped a girl for speeding and after listening to her sass he said to her "You're a fresh egg, aren't you. I ought to be, she replied. I was laid this morning.



One fairy stops another on the street and says, my isn't that a lovely tie you have on, simply stunning. Where did you get it? Browning, King he replied. I didn't ask you how, I asked you where.



What is the difference between a thrill and a scarce? Twenty eight days.



A woman who had just moved to a new city wanted to get along socially and decided she would join some of the swell clubs. First she went to the riding club and because she had no horse they refused to let her join. Then she tried the Yatch club and because she did not own a Yacht she was refused admission there. A friend of her's asked her why she didn't try the Country club.



A man walking with his friend bowed to a girl and his companion asked, "Do you know here?" "Yes, she's my tailor's daughter and she's the only thing he ever made that fits me.

A colored fellow was calling on his girl and she asked him, "Rastus, does you believe in a heahafter?" "I certainly does, Mandy," he answered, "take off your clothes, you know what I'se heah after."



Some snappy headings for newspaper stories. Couple eloped in airoplane. . . . Hi-Diddle Diddle.

Married dentist named as co-respondent. Filled the wrong cavity.

Shit house turned over in storm with man inside. Interred but not dead.



What is the difference between a Boutonierre and a syringe? One you put in your buttonhole and the other is made of rubber.



What is an INTERNE? One who takes the nurses in turn, one every night.

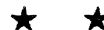


The evolution of an egg. In the Rooster's ass today, in the hen's ass to-night. In my ass in the morning.



### WOOLWORTH OR KRESGE?

Here's to the girl from the five and ten  
Who diddles herself with a foundtain pen  
The cork flew off and the ink ran wild  
And now she is nursing a colored child.



### ZEPHYRS

A sigh is but a gust of wind  
That cometh from the heart  
But when it takes a downward course  
It's nothing but gas pains.

## THE NEW IDEA

A chap who had slept with a girl all night, as he leaves her hands her a \$5.00 bill. It might be added, that he had used a condrum. It'll be six dollars, said the young ladies. What's the idea, asked the chap. A dollar cover charge, old dear, was the reply.



Several officers in Paris were out with some French girls and it just happened that none of them were very tall. One of the girls remarked: "None of ze Americaine officers are very tall." "No," said one, "but we have large privates."



## FARM COMFORTS

While traveling through the country,  
Selling goods and looking wise,  
We see some funny faces,  
And we see some funny guys.  
The big hotels are costly  
Cozy, snug and warm,  
But some way, they're not in it,  
With the comforts of the farm.  
Now, for instance, there's the s-house  
As we used to say at home,  
Looming up in the garden  
Like a big cathedral dome.  
It was not so very handsome,  
But still it had its charm,  
When I think of the happy moments  
In the —house, on the farm.  
A common old board structure,  
Whitewashed and looking swell,  
A soap box in the corner,  
And a door that squeaked like Hell.  
It had no chain, no bell, no strap,  
No electric lights adorn,  
Still I love that dear old s—house,  
That s—house on the farm.  
There's where I screwed the hired girl,  
Well, sometimes, twice a day,  
That's where I tried to smoke,  
Dad's dear old pipe of clay.  
There's where my mother spanked me,  
Till she nearly broke her arm,  
Because I stole a pie and ate it,  
In the s—house on the farm.  
There's where I hid my books and slate,  
While hiding off from school,  
There's where the old gent caught me,  
While playing with my t——l.  
There's where I used to sit and sleep,  
So free from care and harm,  
And I learned to pull my p——n,  
In the s—house, on the farm.

## WHANG

I will tell you a little story,  
 A story that I have heard,  
 You may think it's a fable,  
 But it's gospel, every word;  
 When the Lord made Father Adam,  
 They say he laughed and sang,  
 And he sewed him up the belly,  
 With a little piece of WHANG.

But when the Lord had finished,  
 He found He'd measured wrong,  
 For when the WHANG was knotted,  
 It was several inches long;  
 Said he, "Tis but eight inches,  
 So I guess I'll let it hang;"  
 So he left on Adams belly,  
 That little piece of WHANG.

But when the Lord made mother Eve,  
 I imagine He did snort,  
 When He found that the WHANG HE  
     sewed her with,  
 Was several inches short;  
 "It leaves an awful gap," said He,  
 "But I don't give a dang,  
 She can fight it out with Adam,  
 For the little piece of WHANG.

So ever since the ancient days,  
 When human life began,  
 There's been a constant wage and strife,  
 Twixt the woman and the man,  
 The woman swear they'll have that piece,  
 That on our bellies hang,  
 To fill that awful gap of theirs,  
 Where the Lord ran out of WHANG.

So let us not be selfish boys,  
 With what the woman lack,  
 But split "fifty-fifty" on the WHANG.  
 To fill the awful lack;  
 For the good Lord never intended,  
 It should always idle hang.  
 When He left on Adam's belly  
 That little piece of WHANG.



A certain lady was asked if she had ever gone through bankruptcy. No, she replied, but I have been pushed for money.

**NEW STORIES I HAVE HEARD  
MEMORANADA**

**NEW STORIES I HAVE HEARD  
MEMORANADA**

## AROMATIC MUFFLED BEAN CO., Ltd.

CAPITAL — \$100,000.00

President, G. Howie Phartz; Vice-Pres., A. Lowe Rumble; Secretary,  
Will U. Smellie; Treasurer, C. Sweet O'Dor

Head Office: Arsolia, Cal., U.S.A.

Solicitors, Krapp & Leavitt; Auditors, S. Tink & Company;  
Chartered Accountants

The Aromatic Muffled Bean Company, Limited, has been formed to place upon the market an entirely new agricultural product and one which, in the opinion of unbiased experts, will be a boon to the world.

This product is known as the Noiseless Bean and is the result of crossing the Common Bean with the Tonkabean.

Ever since the dawn of civilization the bean has been esteemed, in all parts of the world, as one of the most appetizing and nutritious foods.

Its use, however, especially among refined people, has been somewhat restricted owing to certain results which invariably follow its consumption at any time of the day or night.

These results are too well known to need recapitulation here; it will suffice to say that they are apt to cause great unpleasantness in any company the bean-eater happens to be.

But with the Noiseless Bean all the unpleasant aftermath, so to speak, of bean-eating, has been absolutely eliminated. The bean-lover can eat the Noiseless Bean with impunity. He can run, jump, bend or dance and can get into society with proper security. Should the gas escape the noise is always restrained.

Our chemical staff have also succeeded in scenting the beans so that they will give forth any of the following popular odors: Violet, Old Rose, New Mown Hay and Carnation. We have also experimented with Jockey Club but discarded it owing to the horsey smell.

The Noiseless Bean will be a great thing for ladies attending card parties, receptions, etc. How often have you seen the ladies at such functions squirming in their chairs, first on one cheek, then on the other, at last settling down in a comfortable position and then—What? An awful odor permeates the room; every woman straightens up and looks at her neighbor and then moves slightly away from the woman she wants to hand it to.

All this can be avoided by substituting the Noiseless for the common bean. Hostesses of all manner of social functions may arrange in advance to avoid all clashing odors, by marking in the corner of each invitation card, "Violet," "Old Rose," "New Mown Hay," or "Carnation."

The world-wide adoption of the Noiseless Bean will soon be an accomplished fact. Nothing can stay its progress because it does away with all clashing odors, avoids all hard feelings and affords perfect relief at all times.

Investors are invited to look over our extensive bean gardens and perfuming works at Arsolia, Cal. In conclusion we may say that experiments are now progressing in the direction of a musical bean for use on occasions where conversation is flat and uninteresting. A method of reproducing the octave has been discovered, but the half-notes have not yet been located.

—G. HOWIE PHARTZ, Pres.

# DAS WIRTSHAUSE AUF DER LAHN

Die Frau Wirthen hatte einen Papagei,  
Der konnte sachen allerlei  
Aber das er mit sein Schnabel,  
Klabusterbeeren von arschloch hackt  
Das glaub ich ist ein Fabel.

Die Frau Wirthen hatte auch ein Lehrer  
Der nahm den Schwanz als Brief Beschwerer  
That sich ein Sturm erheben,  
So legte Er zur sicherheit,  
Die Kloten auch daneben.

Sie hat auch ein Rechtsanwalt,  
Den stand er war es noch so kalt  
Er stands wie eine Elle  
Und hat er zwanzig mal gefickt,  
Dan sagt er "Bagatelle."

Sie hatte auch einen Hahn,  
Den war sie austerst zugethan,  
Der fickte jeden Vormittag,  
Wohl an die 100 Hennen,  
Ich wurde das nicht konnen.

Sie hatte auch eine Tante,  
Das war das grosste Sau im Lande,  
Die ging einst in die Fremde,  
Und hat sich dort viel Geld verdient,  
Mit aufgehobenen Hemde.

Sie hatte auch eine Nichte,  
Die jedes Jahr zwei Kinder kriegte,  
Und fragt man Sie, wie Sie das machte,  
Dann sah Sie nur den Pastor an,  
Und dieses Aas, dass lachte.

Sie hatte auch einem Saal,  
Das war das reine Ficklokal,  
Da stanks nach Bauern, nach kalten,  
Es war nicht auszuhalten.

Sie hatte auch einen Lakai,  
Der hatte nur ein einziges Ei,  
Das andere ging ihm floten,  
Bei einer Massenvogelei,  
Wurde es ihn abgetreten.

Sie hatte auch einen Staar,  
Das war ein Vogel wunderbar,  
Er flog ihr in die Meuse,  
Und steckte sein kopf aus ihren Arsch hinaus,  
Und flotet die Marsellaise.



Die Wirthen hatte einen Vetter,  
 Der fuckte nur bei schonem Wetter,  
 Und war das Wetter trube,  
 Da sas das Aaas bei der ofen Bank  
 Und putzte seine Rube.

Sie hatte einen Accoucheur,  
 Den passierte mal ein grosses Malheur,  
 Als er wollte sie entbinden,  
 Da fiel er in das loch hinein,  
 Und war nicht mehr zu finden.

Sie hatte auch ein zweiten Accoucheur,  
 Den passierte grade das selbe Malheur,  
 Aber halt, die Sache recht sich,  
 Jetzt sitzen sie beide in das loch  
 Und spielen Sechs und Sachszig.



### MEIN LIEBCHEN

Mein Liebchen hat ein etwas,  
 Das ist so hold und suss  
 Und dieses kleine etwas  
 Das ist mein Paradis.  
 Ich will es nicht behaupten  
 Das Sie allein es hat  
 Es hat ja jedes Madel  
 In Dorfchen und in Stadt  
 Welche haben es fur viele  
 Und welche nur fur Sich  
 Aber mein glein herzesliebchen  
 Hat es allein fur mich  
 Und dieses kleine etwas  
 Das ist Ihr susser Mund  
 Und wenn Sie was anderes dachten,  
 So sind Sie ein "Schweinehund."



### KLAPHORNVERSE

Zwei knaben schissen in dem Sand,  
 Wo rings rum keine Blume stand,  
 Da sagt der Eine, Siest d'  
 Jetzt scheissen wir in die Wuste.

Zwei Damen gingen mal begluckt,  
 Spasieren im Rosen Garten,  
 Die eine wurde gleich gefickt,  
 Die andere musste warten.

Zwei knaben gingen hand in hand,  
 Heim von der Charite,  
 Sie hatten sich den Schwanz verbrannt,  
 Am grunen strand der Spree.

Zwei Madchèn spielten sich an dem Ding,  
 Die eine langsam, die andere Flink.  
 Da sprach die langsame zur flinken,  
 Riech wie mir die Finger stinken.

Zwei Manner gingen nach Kamerun  
Die wollten dort die Madchen was thun,  
Da sprachen die Damen von Kongobecken,  
Ihr konnt uns alle um Arsche lecken.

Zwei Knaben lagen in dem Bette,  
Und pfortzen beide um die Wette,  
Bis das der eine Kackte,  
Da kammnen Sie aus dem Tackte.

Ein Nilpferd sass am Ufersand,  
Wusch sich den Arsch mit Ufersand,  
Ach, konnte dein Herz doch so rein,  
Wie dieses Nilpferds Arschloch sein.



### ANECDOTEN AUS DES LEBEN BARON MIKOSCH

Mikosch kam mal im feinsten Restaurant in Wein.

Er ging zum Oberkellner und frug Ihn ob er gefällig pisschen wurde in eine Flasche die Mikosch ihn reichte. Thun Sie das bitte und gebe ich ihn 5 Kronen. Der Kellner that das und sagte, Bitte, Baron Mikosch, sagen sie mir, warum wollten sie das ich in der Flasche pissche. Ja, sagte, Baron Mikosch, hat mir meinen Artzt gesagt, müssen sie nehmen Koellner Wasser, habe ich gedacht bei mir, Oberkellner Wasser war besser.



Mikosch ging einen abend mit sein freund Janosch nach ein bekannten Uberbrettel. Janosch merkte wie Mikosch alle die Damen ansie. Nehme dich in acht, Mikosch, menn du etwas mit eine von die zu thun hast. Vor das du etwas machst, nehme ein stueckchen Citrone und drucke erst auf die Pfoetze, dan kriegst du nichtst. Werde ich mir merken sagt Mikosch. Mikosch ging mit eine nach hause, Sie hat sich gleich ausgezogen und auf das Bett gelegt. Da nam Mikosch eine Citroone und that was Jannosch ihn gesagt hat. Das Madchen springt auf, haut den Mikosch eins in gesicht und sagt, wos denken sie eigentlich, meine Pfoetz ist a Wiener Schnitzel?



Mikosch spazierte einst im Thiergarten und hinter ihn gingen zwei Damen. Auf einem mal lasste Mikosch ein furchbaren Pfurz los. Eine die damen hinter ihn bemerkte, Nein, so was ist mir in mein ganzen leben noch nie passiert. Ah, sagte Mikosch, gnadige Frau, habe ich gendacht es war ich gewesen.

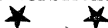


Solomon und Rebekkah sind verlobt. Kommt der Hochzeits Tag und die Mamma sagt zu ihr Kind. Mein Liebchen, weisst du, du hast ja so wunderschone geschenke bekommen, hast ja alles was dein herz begehrt und deine Mamma wusste nicht was Sie Dir zum geschenk geben sollte so habe ich mit meine eigene hande Dir ein wunderschones Blau seidenes nacht hemd gemacht, das sollst Du die erste nacht tragen.

Ja, sagte Rebeckchen, weisst Du, Mamma das ist sehr lieb von Dir, aber Solomon und ich haben uns verabredet, wir wollen die erste Nacht nackend yenzen.

## BEIDE

Dunn Shiss ist wie die Liebe  
 Beide verursachen Schmerz  
 Der eine verwundet das Arsch loch,  
 Und die andere zerbricht das Herz.

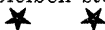


Ein alter Mann von funf und siebsich heiratet ein junges madchen von funf und zwansich. Nach 10 Monaten kommt ein kleiner Jung zu erscheinen. Ein paar wochen nach er ankamm ist Die Frau auf und erhalt besuch. Sie sitzt in ihr betzimmer und der Alte ist im nebenzimmer. Eine junge freundin besucht Sie, bewundert den kleinen under fragt, Wie heist er eigentlich? Hamlet, antwortet die Mutter. Wie kommst Du auf so einen nahmen, Hamlet? Die Mutter schaut nach dem nebenzimmer und sagt. Sein oder nicht Sein, das ist die Frage.



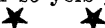
Eine stenographisten die gewonlich um 9 Uhr zur arbeit kommt, eines schonen Morgens, erscheint im Comptoir gegen 11 Uhr. Ihr principal, nimmt seine Uhr aus der Tasche, shaut seine Uhr an, und den die junge Dame, und sagt, in einemn sarcastischen Ton, Ausgeschlafen? Nein, kommt die Antwort, Zuhause.

Ein Philadelphier, nimmt sein Freund im Monat November nach dem Zoologischen Garten. Alles war beschafftig, den die Thiere kamen eben im Winter Quartier. Er sagte zu seinem Freund, siest Due, alle die Thiere, die Elephanten, die Lowen, die Tiger, kommen jeizt im Winter Quartier. Und was macht man mit dem Vogeln? Ja, antwortet er, die Banke bleiben stehen.



Die Berliner Schusterjungen sind ja beruhmt fur ihre frechheit. Es triffe mal ein Schusterjung ein Japanese auf der Strasse, und frug ihn, Wie viele Vater haben Sie eigendlich gehabt? Was meinen Sie, sie Gottverdammter Schweinehund, frug der Japanese? Ich habe nur ein Vater gehabt.

Nee, sagte der Schusterjung. Dat konnen Sie mir nit weiss machen, das Sie von zwei Eier so yelb geworden sind.



Eine Mutter ging mit ihr kleine Tochter spazieren. Sie gingen verbei und sahen wie ein kleiner Junge stand gegen ein Baum und machte Peepee. Die kleine sagte zu die Mutter. Gott, Mamma, sie mal, wie praktisch.



Eine lehrerin in der Schule frug ein Kleiner Jung wie er hies. Ich heise Ernst, sagt der kleiner. Wie kommt es das Du Ernst heist? Ja, sagte er, wie meine Mamma under mein Papa jung waren, machten Sie mal spaas mit einander, Aus dem spaas wurde Ernest und der Ernst bin ich.



Ein geschachtsman, Herr Cohn ,hatte ein Buchhalter und als er mal nach hause kam, fandet er den Buchhalter und seine Frau in flagrante delicto auf dem Sofa.

Die Frau, hatte man sagen sollen war alt under furchbar hesslich. Der Cohn sah eine minute zu und sagte sein Buchhalter. Ignatz, Ich muss, aber Du?

9 4 2 10

F. L. Wells, "Frau Wirtin and associates.  
A note on alien corn," in American Imago  
(South Dennis, Mass., March 1951) vol. 8:  
p. 93-97, quotation from p.93:

Frau Wirtin hatte 'nen Korpsier  
Der hatt' 'nen Schwanz wie d' kleine  
Zeh!

Wenn er die Wirtin knallte,  
Dann war es so, als ständ ein Floh  
In einer Felsenspalte.

Frau Wirtin hatte 'nen Student  
Der war in furzen ein Talent  
Er furzt' "Die letzte Rose;"  
Doch als der Sang an Aegir kam  
Da schiss er in die Hose.

Bonifacius Kiese Wetter, der ein Schwein'  
hund war von je,  
Schiss der frommen Graefin Ziegler, in ihr  
neues Portemonnaie;  
Als sie dann bezahlen wollte (stets be-  
zahlte sie in bar),  
Griff sie in die blanke Scheisse, was ihr  
sichtlich peinlich war.

Moral:

Nur selten nimmt der Handelsmann, statt  
barer Münze, Scheisse an.

Wer einer Jungfrau dunkle Grotte mit  
heissem Samenguss erquickt,  
Wer eine ganze Hurenrotte mit steifem  
Schwanz stehend fickt,  
Wer voegelt dass die Nille schwitzt, und  
aus dem Arsch die Scheisse spritzt,  
Wer voegelt bis das Arschloch kracht —  
Dem sei dies' volle Glas gedacht!

'The Frau Wirtin verses are the German counterparts of the pornographic limericks in the English language.' (93)

p.96-7 gives this table of 57 Frau Wirtinstrophen, with the 'dominant motif' indicated by number (list following) and the presence of a 'religious component' by the letter r:

Accoucheur (entbinden) 8; Accoucheur (Unachtsamkeit) 8; Arsch (60) 7; Arsch (70) 7; Arzt 8; Automat 14; Bandwurm 7; Bruder 18; Burschenschaftler 7; Chines' (Schweinehund) 4; Chines' (Unverstand) 4; Couseng (stellen) 8, 12; Couseng (Strassen) 8, 6; Erasmus 6; Finn 8; Geiss 5; Floh 7; Hund (Ritzen) 14, 16; Hund (Spalten) 14, 16; Hund (Eckstein) 6; Kahn 8; Kakadu 1; Kaplan 2r; Kellner 8; Klitoris 8; Knecht 8; Kommis 8; Korpsier 8; Kupferschmied 8; Lackai 8, 17; Machinist 2; Magd 8; Maid 8; Major 1; Mann 8; Mutter 18; Nichte 6; Nonne 6r; Pastor 8r; Pferd 5; Radiofunk 6; Referendar (Haar) 8; Referendar (dreikantig) 8; Regisseur 17; Schrank 6; Sofa 1; Sohn 4r; Specht 5, 7; Stein 1; Student (Tanze) 7; Student (Rose) 7; Student (Wingolf) 18; Tante (nannte) 18; Tante (kannte) 16; Töchterlein 1; Traum (Baum) 2; Traum (Knechte) 2, 17.

1 normal coitus; 2 autoerotism; 3 mouth-genital contacts; 4 anal coitus; 5 animal contacts; 6 object contacts; 7 anal excretory; 8 structural abnormalities; 9 necrophily; 10 voyeur; 11 exhibitionism; 12 intermammary; 13 polymorph; 14 Urethral-erotik; 15 coitus interruptus; 16 renifleur -se; 17 group coitus; 18 unclassified.